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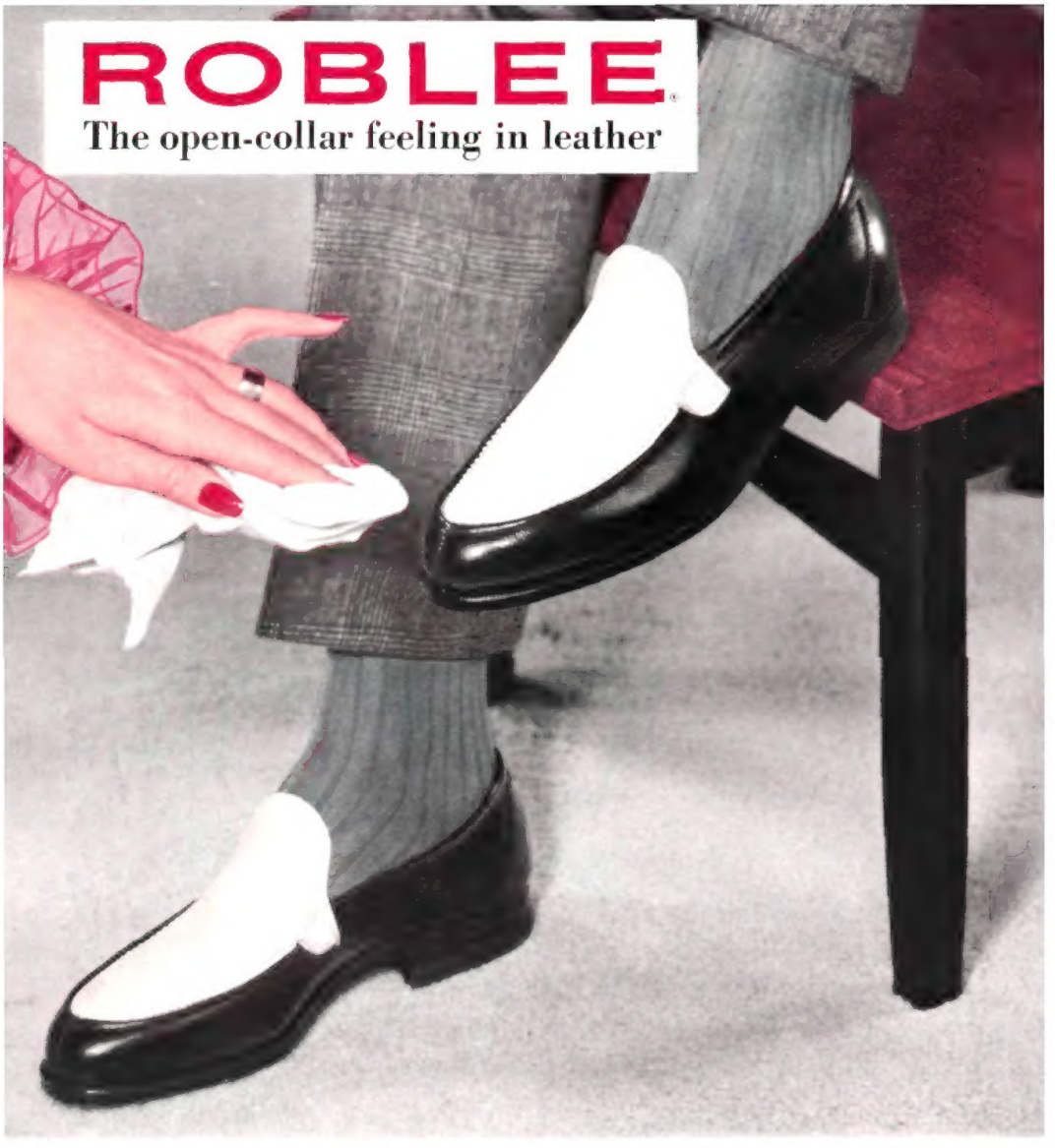
MAY 6, 1957
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PREVIEW

THE KENTUCKY DERBY

THE CALUMET CAVALRY VS. BOLD RULER





You can wash *the white leather in this all-purpose slip-on*—The Copley

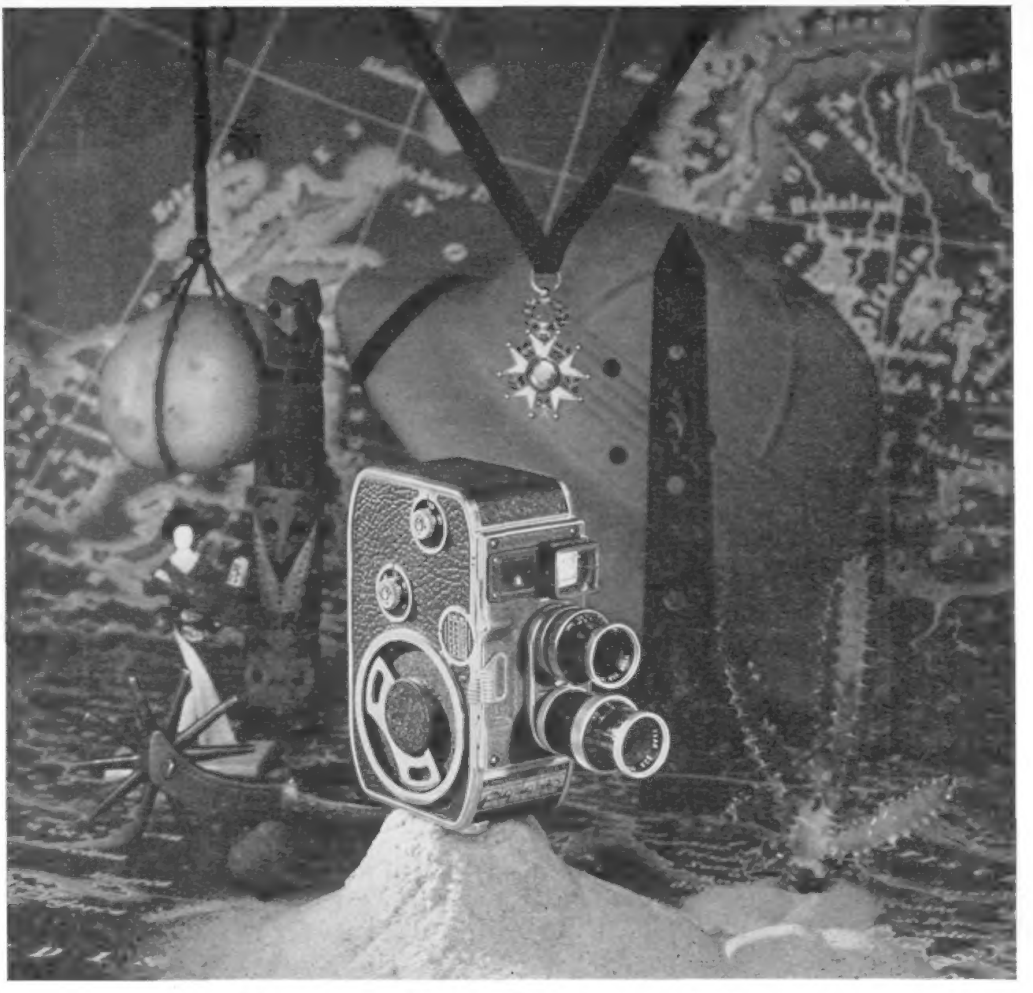
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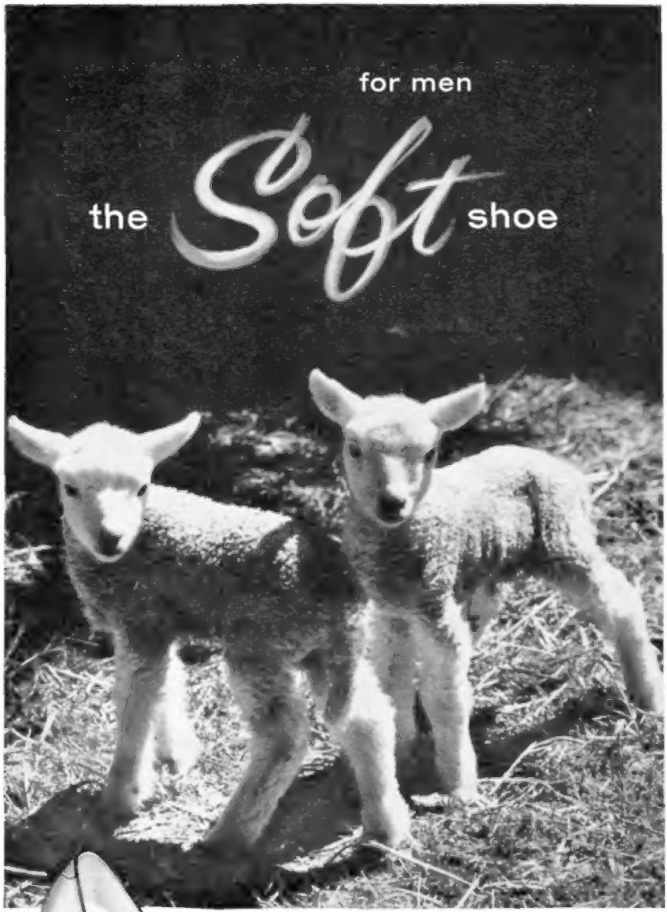
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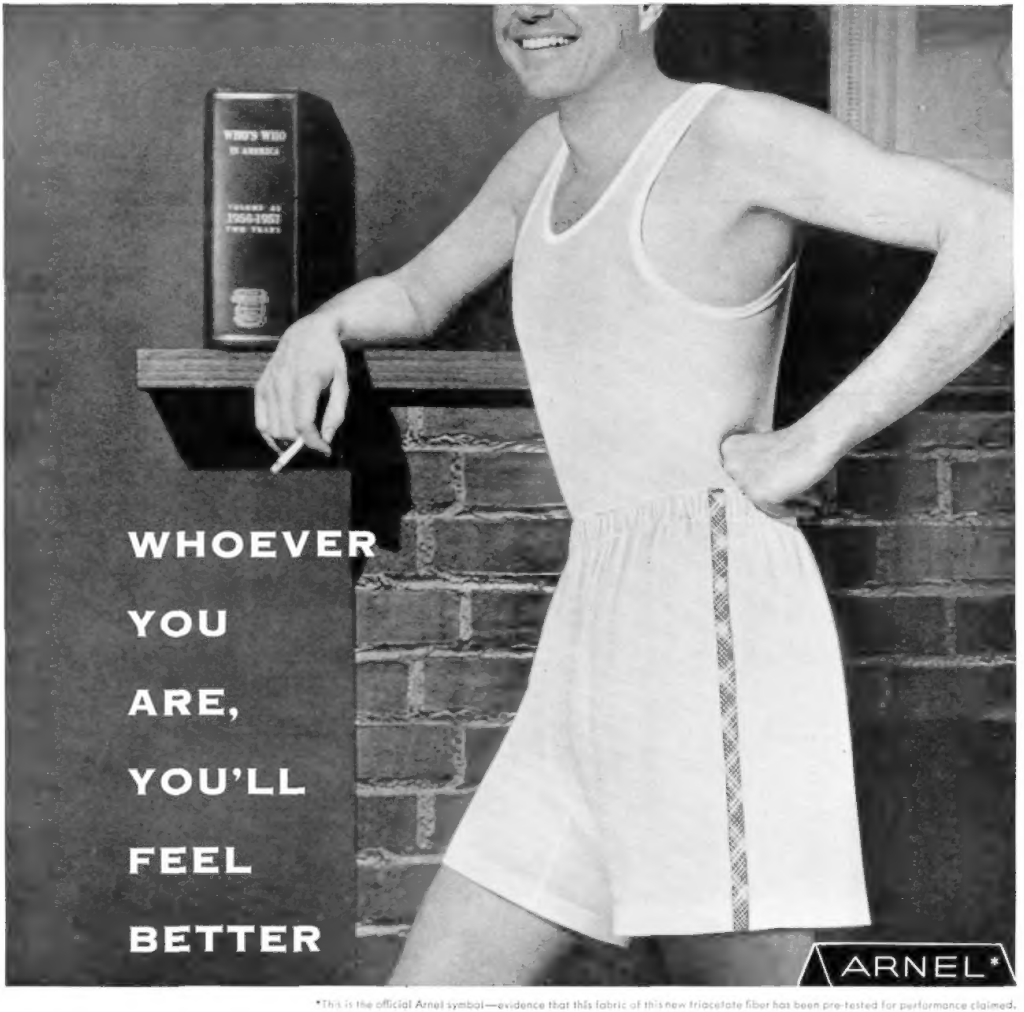
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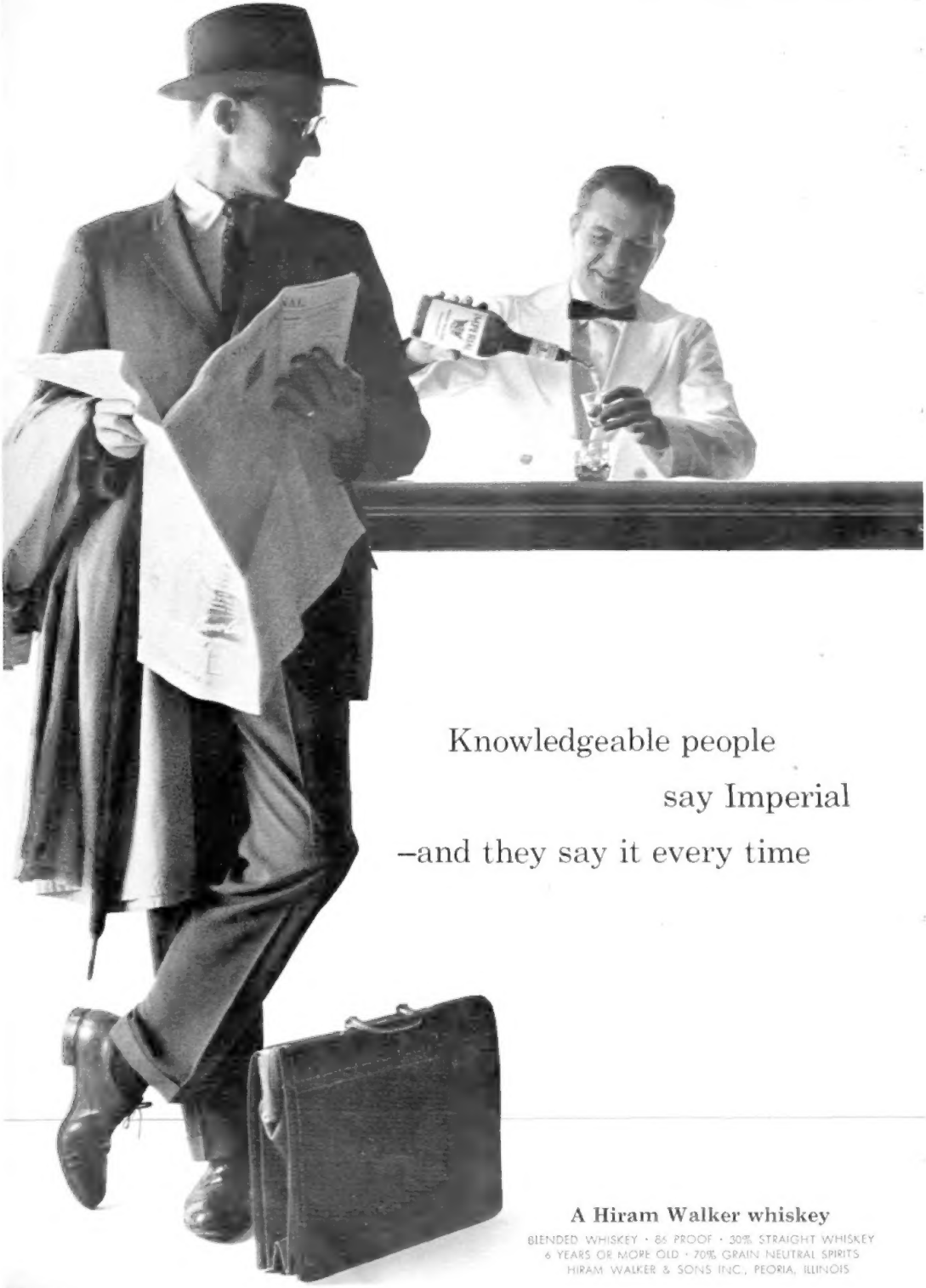
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MAY 6, 1957
Volume 6, Number 18



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COVER: THE CALUMET CAVALRY VS. BOLD RULER
Photograph by Richard Meek

Locked in fierce competition on the cover are three starters coveting horsedom's prize jewel, this week's Kentucky Derby. Calumet's Gen. Duke (*center*), Bold Ruler (*right*), stretch-runner Shan Pac (*left*) are three of the starters. For an over-all estimate turn to page 16.

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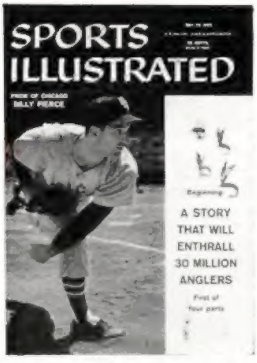
NEXT WEEK

WHITE SOX IN A HURRY

Can they—and Billy Pierce—keep up the pace? Answer by Roy Terrell

PLUS

THE LADY AND THE TROUT: BEGINNING A UNIQUE SERIES ON THE 15TH CENTURY CREATOR OF THE FIRST ARTIFICIAL FLIES



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A SPECIAL MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE DIVERSION of outwitting fish with rod, line and hook inspires devotion, meditation and premeditation in great quantities and, in consequence, perhaps more books than any other sport. The very first of these books to be printed in the English language, the *Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle*, appeared in the year 1496. The mountain of literature which followed and in large measure derived from it, including, for instance, Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler*, has tended somewhat to keep the treatise obscure. But it is unquestionably the starting point for all English literature on fishing for fun. It is as well the first known work in English attributed to a woman. For both these reasons it has exceptional literary importance and is therefore of interest to everyone who reads at all; and for readers who also fish it is almost of scriptural significance, as it contains not only the first written philosophy of angling but the first set of instructions on the tying of artificial flies.



With next week's issue, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED begins a four-part series on this fishing and literary classic. The series represents the product of two full years of scholarship and research.

In Part I, Alfred Duggan, the distinguished British historical novelist and medieval scholar, places the treatise in historical perspective and re-creates the environment in which it was printed. There is a bit of mystery here, too—for the author, who became the prototype of all fishing writers, has never been completely identified. But the best historical sources support the belief that her name was Dame Juliana Berners, and that she was a Benedictine nun.

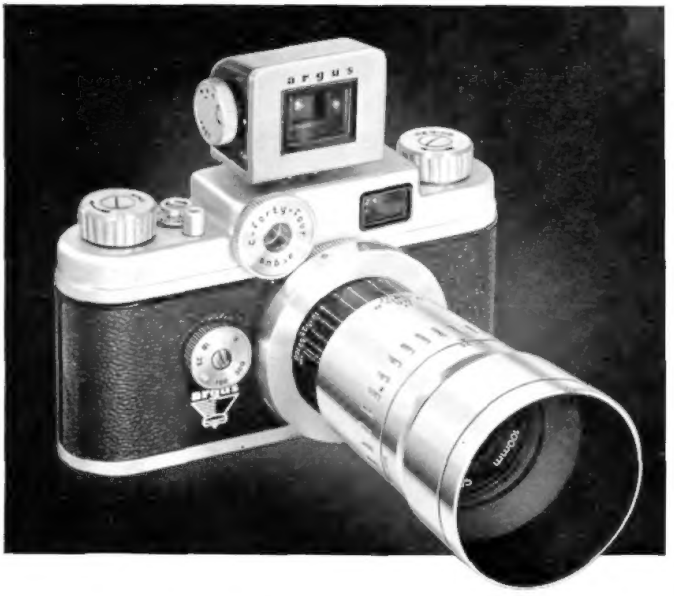
The following week, in Part II, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents the complete text of her treatise, which Duggan has rendered into modern English, with an authority and a wealth of research unique in its history.

Part III takes up in detail the 12 flies Dame Juliana describes—the sole ancestors in literature of the artificial trout fly. They appear in full color as tied by Cornell's Dr. Dwight Webster, Professor of Fishery Biology and an expert on stream insects, who collaborated with John McDonald on their reconstruction. An outstanding American student of the literature of fishing and the history of angling, McDonald has already appeared in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED as the author of the article on Theodore Gordon's recently discovered fly box (SI, Oct. 18, '54). McDonald explains the reconstructions and the reasoning behind the Berners flies. The result is a notable exercise in detective work which, among other benefits, opens the way for every living fisherman to try his luck, if he wants to, with the very flies which had them biting when Columbus discovered America.

Finally, in Part IV, McDonald considers the contributions of the treatise to the vast field of fishing literature which followed, and discusses Dame Juliana's work as the first written expression of an historic change: the emergence of the fisherman as a sportsman—and his more or less contented evolution since that time.

The series as a whole, our editors believe, is the most important contribution to the history of fishing in many years. When I read it, it seemed no less pleasant a diversion than angling itself—an unexpected adventure into that slightly mysterious world where men, and women too, meet fish and live happily ever after.

Harry Phillips



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Jimmy Jemail's

HOTBOX

The Question:

Was your no-hitter the best game you've ever pitched?

BOB LEMON

Cleveland Indians



No. In 1951 against Detroit at Briggs Stadium, I pitched what I believed was my best game. After retiring the first 21 men in order, Vic Wertz, now my teammate, belted a homer in the eighth inning. I then retired the next six batters. I'll probably never come closer to a perfect game.

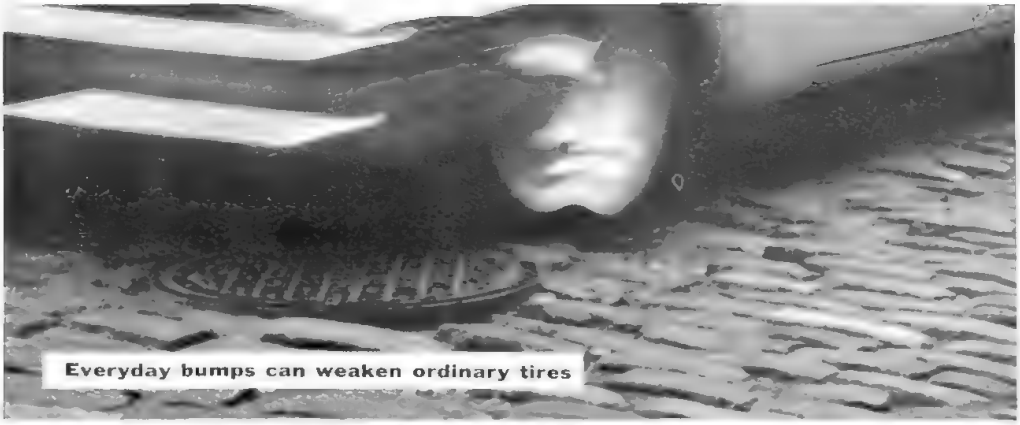
SAM JONES

St. Louis Cardinals



No. I was nearly taken out of my no-hitter. I pitched my best game a month later, a 1-0 scrap against Brooklyn and Don Newcombe. Gene Baker hit a home run for me in the eighth inning, and I allowed only three hits. It was tense all the way, and I got the most kick from winning this one.

continued





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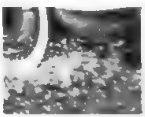
Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness shrugs off the everyday road shocks that can cause unseen damage to ordinary tire cord, lead to blowouts under the stress of highway driving. For today's heavier, more powerful cars, for the sustained speeds permitted on today's highways, nylon cord tires give you a priceless extra margin of safety. The *lasting* strength and protection of nylon cord tires have been proven in billions of miles of use by truckers.

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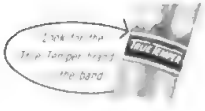
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HOTBOX

continued

DON LARSEN



New York Yankees

Obviously, the "perfect game" I threw in the World Series was the best. But don't forget I had a lot of help from Yogi Berra's call on pitches, Mickey Mantle's home run, his great catch in center field which saved my perfect game and from all my teammates. It was a tremendous thrill.

SAL MAGLIE



Brooklyn Dodgers

No. My no-hit game against Philadelphia in 1956 was not up to the game I won for the Giants 7-1, against the Dodgers in 1954, which clinched the pennant. It meant $11,147.90 for each winning Giant in the World Series, the richest in history. I like doing little things like that for my buddies.

BOB FELLER



Former Cleveland Indian

None of my no-hitters (1-0 against Chicago in 1940, 2-1 against Detroit in 1951, and 1-0 against the Yankees in 1946) was my best. Against the Yankees I walked five men, not a very good game. My best game was against the Browns around 1946. It was a two-hitter, and I faced only 29 men.

CARL ERSKINE



Brooklyn Dodgers

No. Fine praise by Ben Morgan awarded the 1952 no-hitter, and Robinson's steal of the day in 1956. My best was the third game of the 1953 World Series against the Yankees. Struck out 14. But the most pleasing was the fifth game of the 1952 series. They scored five runs in the fifth, but we won 6-5.

continued


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cold, refreshing Budweiser is for folks who know
how to live life—every golden minute of it.
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PATENT PENDING

HAMILTON

MEL PARNELL



Boston Red Sox

Indeed it was. I've been pitching for 11 years, and it began to look as if I'd never make it. So, when I beat the White Sox 4-0 last July 14, it was all the more appreciated. I had good control throughout the game and made the batters hit what I wanted them to.

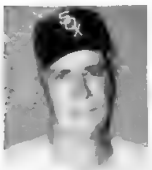
JOHNNY VANDER MEER



Former Cincinnati Red

No. In 1938 with Cincinnati, I pitched two no-hitters in a row against the Braves and the Dodgers. But my best game was the 19-inning scoreless tie against Brooklyn in 1946, longest in history. I pitched the first 15 innings and was taken out after I tried to score all the way from first on a single.

JIM WILSON



Chicago White Sox

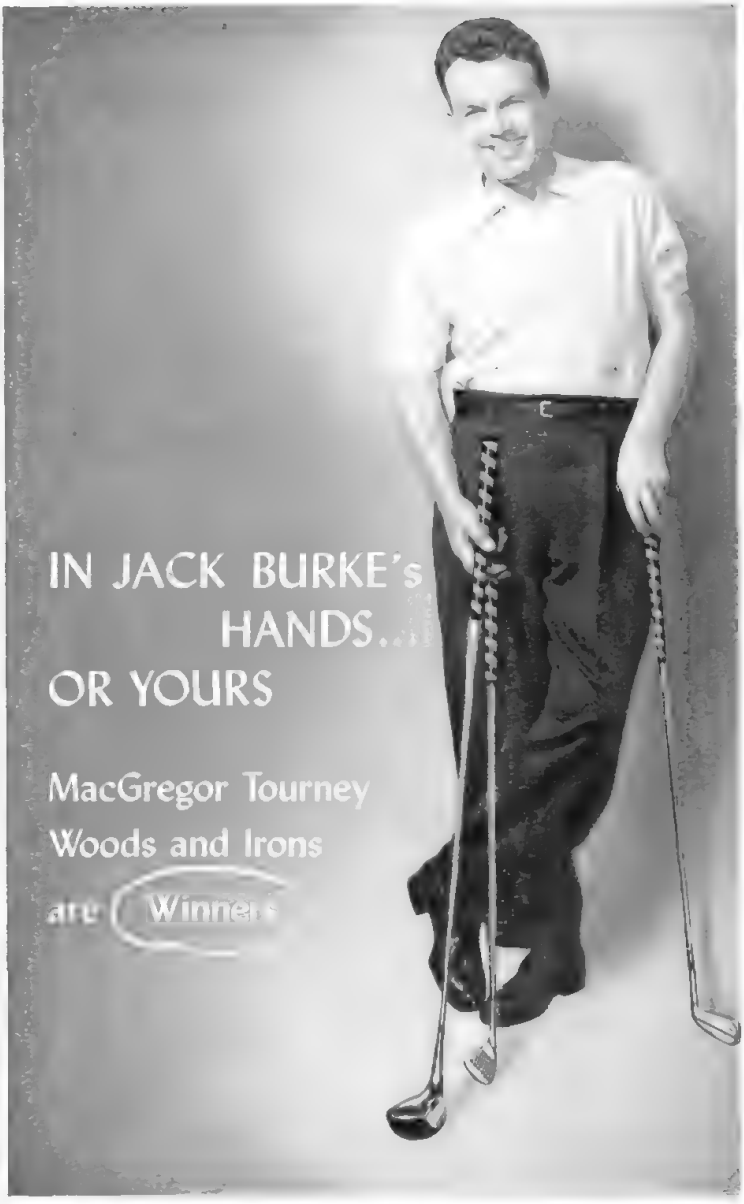
Yes. My only no-hitter was against the Phillies when I pitched for Milwaukee in 1954. Knowing that I was in a no-hitter made the tension mount with each batter. Even though it was a no-hitter, it wasn't easy. My easiest game was a shutout over the Yankees in Chicago last June.

ALLIE REYNOLDS



Former New York Yankee

From the approach of the perfectionist, neither of the two no-hitters I pitched in 1951 was my best. I wasn't able to completely handle the varying situations. The opening game of the 1949 World Series against the Dodgers was most gratifying and a tough 1-0 loss for Don Newcombe.



Jack Burke, winner of the Masters, PGA and many national championships during his golfing career, is a MacGregor man *all the way*. Jack has played MacGregor golf equipment since the time he shot a 69 at the age of 12.

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COMING EVENTS

May 3 through May 12

FRIDAY, MAY 3

Boxing
- Eddie Machen vs. Cleveland Williams, Heavyweight (10 rds.)
- Louisville, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Dog Trials
Natmeg Field Trial Club, Salisbury, Conn. (through May 5)

Golf
Southern Conference Championship, Danville, Va. (through May 5)

Gymnastics
National Gymnastic Championships, Chicago (through May 5)

Horse Racing
Kentucky Oaks, $35,000, 3-yr.-old fillies, 1 1/16 m., Churchill Downs, Ky.

Horse Shows
[illegible] Annual [illegible] Horse Show, Wayne, N.J. (through May 5)
Black and Bridle Club Quarter Horse Show, Lincoln, Neb.

SATURDAY, MAY 4

Auto Racing
NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Shelby, N.C.
NASCAR Late Model Short Track Division Race, Manassas, Va.

Baseball
- New York vs. Cincinnati, New York, 1:45 p.m. (CBS)
- Pittsburgh vs. Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, 1:30 p.m. (NBC)

Boating
The Annual Columbia River Hydroplane Racing, Lake Chelan, Wash. (through May 5)
(Crew)
Blackwell Cup Regatta, Derby, Conn.
California vs. Stanford, Oakland Estuary, Calif.
Compton Cup Regatta, Cambridge, Mass.
Goes Trophy Regatta, Syracuse, N.Y.
UCLA vs. USC, Balboa Crew, Los Angeles
Wood Memorial Cup Regatta, Philadelphia

Horse Racing
- Alameda County Stakes, $10,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/16 m., Bay Meadows, Calif., 3:10 p.m. (NBC)
- Belmont Stakes, Handicap, $35,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, (fillies and mares), 1 1/16 m., Jamaica, N.Y., 4:50 p.m. (NBC)
Debutante Stakes, $10,000, 2-yr.-old fillies, 5 f., Churchill Downs, Ky.
- Kentucky Derby, $125,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1¼ m., Churchill Downs, Ky., 5 p.m. (CBS)
Laurel Spring Turf Handicap, $10,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/16 m. (turf course), Laurel, Md.
Valley Forge Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 m. and 70 yds., Garden State Park, N.J.

Horse Show
Belle Plaine Buckaroo 7th Annual Quarter Horse Show, Belle Plaine, Kan.

Hunt Racing
Virginia Gold Cup Association, Warrenton, Va.

Lacrosse
Army vs. Hofstra, West Point, N.Y.
Dartmouth vs. Yale, Hanover, N.H.
Maryland vs. Duke, College Park, Md.
Mt. Washington vs. Baltimore, Baltimore
Navy vs. Virginia, Annapolis, Md.

Parachuting
Intercollegiate Championships, Woodbury, Conn.

Track & Field
Metropolitan Intercollegiate Assn. Outdoor Championships, New York

SUNDAY, MAY 5

Auto Racing
NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Richmond
NASCAR Late Model Convertible Division Race, Langhorne, Pa.
NASCAR Late Model Short Track Division Race, Gardena, Calif.

Golf
National Invitation Golf Tournament, $25,000, Fort Worth (final day)

MONDAY, MAY 6

Boxing
- Garnett Hart vs. Al Wilson, welterweights (10 rds.), St. Nick's, New York, 10:30 p.m. (DuMont).

Tennis
USLTA Seniors Clay Court Championships, St. Petersburg, Fla. (through May 12)

TUESDAY, MAY 7

Lacrosse
Syracuse vs. Union, Syracuse, N.Y.

Rodeo
Johnnie Lee Wills Stampede, $7,500, Tulsa (through May 12).

Tennis
Pro matches, Rosewall vs. Gonzales, Milwaukee.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8

Boxing
■ Johnny Holman vs. Nino Valdes, heavyweights (10 rds.).
● Portland, Ore., 10 p.m. (ABC).

Golf
Arkansas Match Play, $20,000, Hot Springs, Ark. (through May 11).

Horse Racing
The Roseedale, $15,000, 2-yr.-old fillies, 5 f., Jamaica, N.Y.

Lacrosse
Princeton vs. Rutgers, Princeton, N.J.

THURSDAY, MAY 9

Horse Racing
Hollywood Premiere Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 6 f., Hollywood Park, Calif.

Tennis
Pro matches, Rosewall vs. Gonzales, Madison, Wis.
Southeastern Conference Championships, Baton Rouge (through May 14).

FRIDAY, MAY 10

Boxing
■ Isaac Logart vs. Gaspar Ortega, welterweights (10 rds.).
● Syracuse, N.Y., 10 p.m. (NBC).

Tennis
Pro matches, Rosewall vs. Gonzales, Minneapolis.

Track
Southern Conference Outdoor Championships, Williamsburg, Va. (through May 11).

SATURDAY, MAY 11

Auto Racing
NASCAR-sanctioned 100-m.-p.-h. Stock Convertible Championship Race, Darlington, S.C.

Baseball
■ Chicago Cubs vs. Cincinnati, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (NBC).
● St. Louis vs. Milwaukee, St. Louis, 2:15 p.m. (CBS).

Boating
American Trophy Sailing Race, Kings Point, N.Y. (through May 12).
Collegiate
Adam Cup Regatta, Philadelphia.
California, UCLA and USC, Oakland Estuary, Calif.
Carnegie Cup Regatta, Ithaca, N.Y.
Columbia, MIT and Rutgers, New York.
Childs Cup Regatta (150-yr. Course), Cambridge, Mass.
James Mathews Cup (150-yr. Course), Philadelphia.
Navy vs. MIT (150-yr. Course), Annapolis, Md.

Boxing
Dommy Ursua vs. Raul Macias, bantamweight title bout (15 rds.), San Francisco.

Dog Shows
Chester Valley Kennel Club Show, Chester, Pa.

Golf
Eastern Intercollegiate Championships, Annapolis, Md. (through May 13).

Horse Racing
Children's Hospital Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/16 m., Bay Meadows, Calif.
Inglewood Stakes, $25,000, 3-yr.-old colts and geldings, 6 f., Hollywood Park, Calif.
Delaware Valley Stakes, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 6 f., Garden State Park, N.J.
Dixie Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 3/8 m., Pimlico, Md.
Grey Lag Handicap, $50,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/8 m., Jamaica, N.Y.
Louisville Handicap, $10,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/16 m., Churchill Downs, Ky.

Hunt Racing
Steeplechase, Iroquois Hunt Steeplechase Assn., Nashville.
Radnor Hunt Club, Malvern, Pa.

Lacrosse
Army vs. Duke, West Point, N.Y.
Johns Hopkins vs. Navy, Baltimore.
Virginia vs. Mt. Washington, Charlottesville, Va.

Track & Field
31st Annual West Coast Relays, Fresno, Calif.

SUNDAY, MAY 12

Dog Show
Lancaster Kennel Club Show, Lancaster, Pa.
Topeka Kennel Club Show, Topeka, Kans.

Horse Show
Sands Point Horse Show, Port Washington, N.Y.

*See local listing.

■ TV ★ COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO
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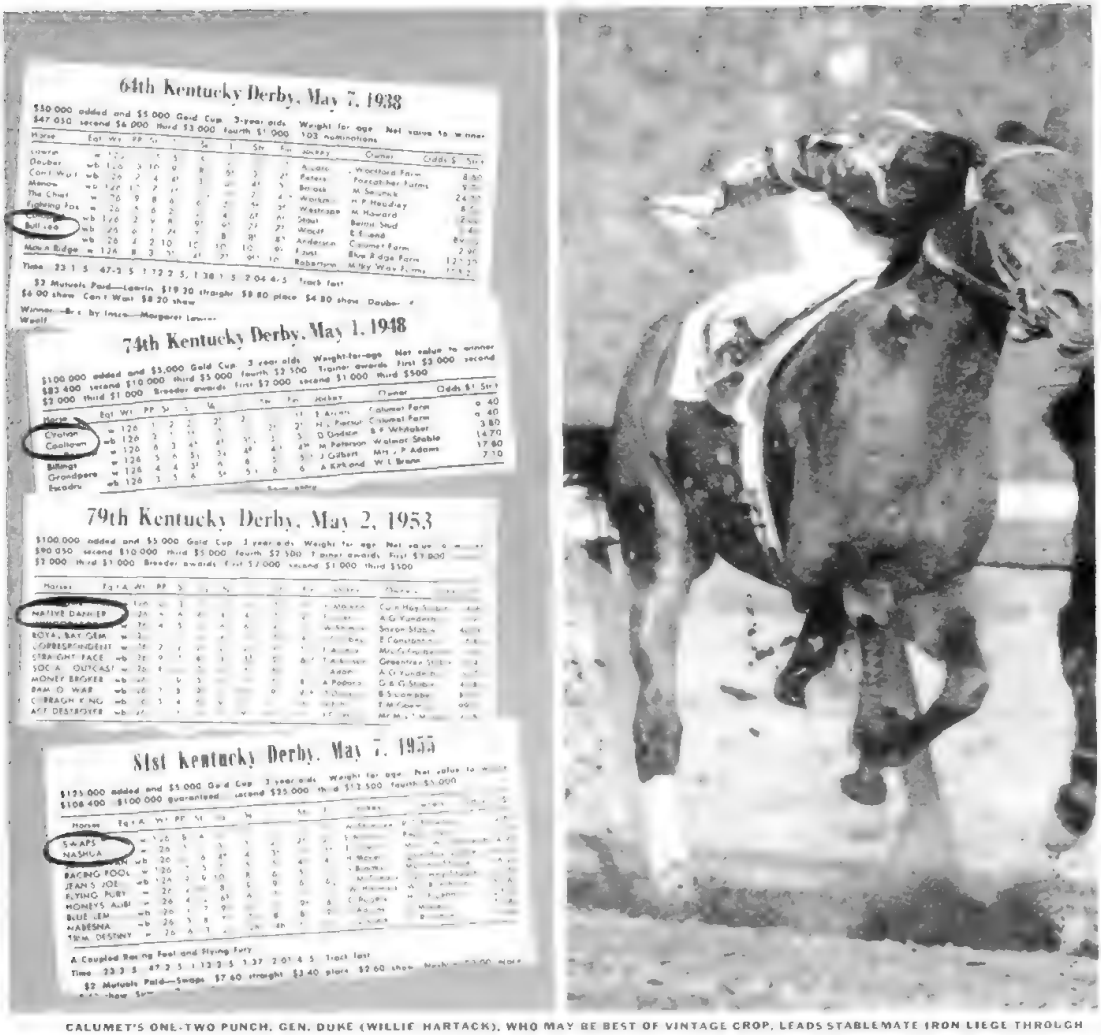


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CALUMET'S ONE-TWO PUNCH, GEN. DUKE (WILLIE HARTACK), WHO MAY BE BEST OF VINTAGE CROP, LEADS STABLEMATE IRON LIEGE THROUGH



ROUND TABLE. Jockey Ralph Neves rides the late-developing threat from California who last week set new Keeneland record.



GALLANT MAN: His thrilling stretch duel with Bold Ruler in Wood Memorial transformed him into strong Derby contender.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
MAY 6, 1957

A YEAR of GREATNESS

Coming off a trail of shattered records, some of the best Derby horses in years are converging for a truly memorable renewal of the Kentucky classic

by WHITNEY TOWER



STRETCH. BOTH WERE SIRED BY BULL LEA (SEE CHART TOP LEFT)



BOLD RULER: Like Nashua, a brilliant son of the temperamental Nasrullah. Arcaro guides this main danger to Calumet hopes.

TO TALK so soon of "greatness" in connection with the current crop of 3-year-old Thoroughbreds would normally be singularly audacious. For this is an accolade not lightly awarded by horsemen. One sensational race should never qualify its winner as great.

There has not been one sensational race in 1957. There have been at least half a dozen. The amazing performances of the 3-year-olds in Florida, Louisiana, California, New York and finally in Kentucky have surrounded the 83rd consecutive Kentucky Derby, to be run this week, with an aura of brilliance which even oldtimers find hard to duplicate. All over the country, track records have been equaled or broken by such contenders as Gen. Duke, Iron Liege, Bold Ruler, Federal Hill and Round Table.

At a dinner at Keeneland, where his father was being honored last week, Calumet Farm Trainer Jimmy Jones remarked, "From a spectator's standpoint I don't think there's ever been anything like it ever before. From a horseman's standpoint you just know there's about five or six horses around who are real good." "Yep," interrupted his father (*for more on the Jones family and the Calumet success story, see page 62*), "and I'd say we're real contenders." It was the most calculated understatement of the racing calendar, even by Jones's standards.

For many people the Kentucky Derby is the true symbol of a lasting racing tradition, in which none has played a more vital role than an incongruous group of individuals consisting of Ben and Jimmy Jones, James Fitzsimmons, Eddie Arcaro and a 22-year-old stallion named Bull Lea. When Ben Jones was saddling the first of his six Derby

continued

SIX TURF WRITERS AGREE: GEN. DUKE TO WIN



PAT LYNCH
New York Journal American

1 **Gen. Duke** Readied on the grounds
2 **Bold Ruler** They'll have to catch him
3 **Iron Liege** Running on his own this time
4 **Gallant Man** Came up perfectly for race



JOE HIRSCH
The Morning Telegraph

1 **Gen. Duke** Could be great colt
2 **Bold Ruler** Free runner with Arcaro up
3 **Iron Liege** Been close to the best
4 **Round Table** Good speed, good bloodlines



DAVE FELDMAN
The Chicago American

1 **Gen. Duke** Only Derby route horse in race
2 **Round Table** Good, but may weaken to place
3 **Iron Liege** Honest Calumet threat for all
4. **Bold Ruler** Great colt but bit too far for him



JOE TANENBAUM
Miami Daily News

1 **Gen. Duke** A cinch for the triple crown
2 **Bold Ruler** Will force a new Derby time record
3 **Iron Liege** May be better than rated
4 **Gallant Man** Improving in every start; upsetter



EARL RUBY
Louisville Courier-Journal

1 **Gen. Duke** And maybe a new record
2 **Round Table** Showed class in Blue Grass
3 **Iron Liege** Might make it one-two for Calumet
4 **Bold Ruler** Should hold on for fourth



BOB HEBERT
Los Angeles Mirror-News

1 **Gen. Duke** Best Calumet 3YO since Citation
2 **Iron Liege** One two for Calumet
3 **Round Table** Much speed improving rapidly
4. **Shan Pac** Will catch some speed horses

continued

winners, in 1938, he picked young Eddie Arcaro to ride Lawrin, who was owned by Woolford Farm. Although Lawrin was the fourth betting choice, most of the interest that afternoon was centered on the two favorites, William Woodward's Fighting Fox, trained by an elderly gent named Jim Fitzsimmons, and Calumet Farm's Bull Lea, fresh from a victory in Keeneland's Blue Grass Stakes. The crowd would have been wiser to have concentrated on the combination of Jones and Arcaro, who brought Lawrin in at $19.20. Fighting Fox finished sixth and Bull Lea eighth *(see chart on page 16)* in a field of 10.

The next year while Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons was winning the Derby with Woodward's Johnstown, Calumet hired Ben Jones as trainer, and, beginning with Whirlaway's eight-length victory in 1941, the stable's devil-red silks have been first across the Derby finish line five times.

The others in the group have hardly been idle. Arcaro plugged away in 17 Derbies, has won a record five (two more than any other rider in history ; Sunny Jim hit for his third winner with Johnstown, missed his greatest chance of all when Nashua was second to Swaps in 1955. And what of Bull Lea? The eighth-place finisher of 1938 has merely emerged as one of the greatest of all stallions, past or present. Two of his sons won Derbies for Calumet, Citation in 1948 and Hill Gail in 1952, and dozens of others have earned distinction for themselves and their sire on tracks from New York to California.

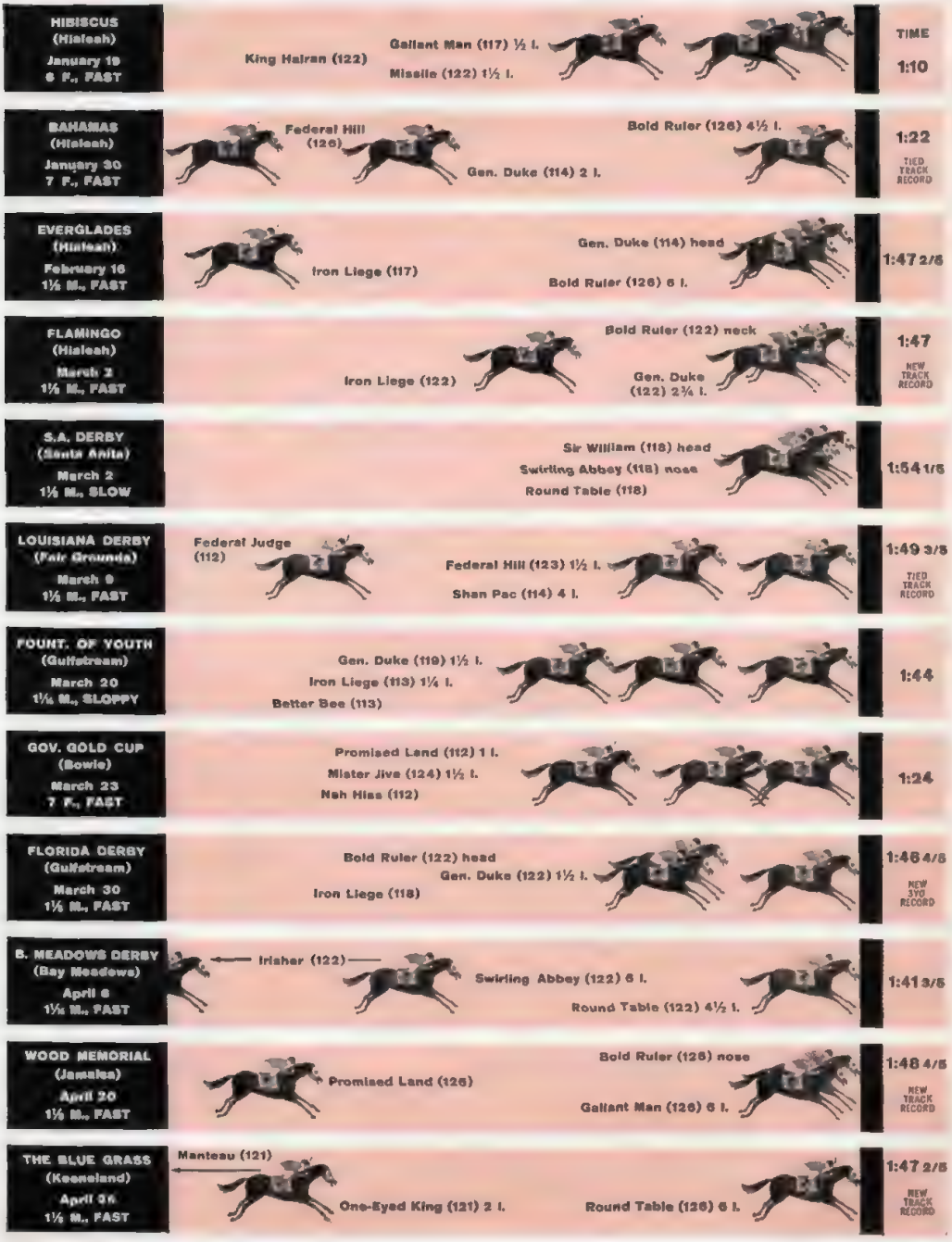
And this week in Louisville, just 19 years after Arcaro and Ben Jones won their first Kentucky Derby while Calumet and Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons were shut out, the same cast of characters reassembles at the same old stand for the same business of trying to win the world's most famous horse race. Only today Ben Jones has turned over the training chores to his son Jimmy, and Bull Lea has provided two of his sons, Gen. Duke and Iron Liege, to give Calumet the most powerful Derby hand since Citation and Coaltown finished one-two in 1948. Opposing this charge of Calumet cavalry will be Sunny Jim and Eddie Arcaro, combining as much racing and training knowledge as any two men on this earth, trying to bring in Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps's Bold Ruler. No race of this or any other year could quite duplicate such a traditional array of personalities after racing's most treasured prize.

But for all the Derby pomp and ceremony, and for all the experience accumulated over the years by the rival owners, trainers and jockeys, it will be squarely up to one Thoroughbred this Saturday to win the 83rd Derby on his own merits. To do so he will have to be superbly fit to run a competitive mile and a quarter for the first time in his life.

There seems little doubt that the Calumet entry of Gen. Duke and Iron Liege will be post-time favorites. When you have two horses going for you it's better than one, and when you have a pair like this it's almost as good as a dream come true. Gen. Duke, out of the good stakes mare Wistful, is a typical product of careful Calumet planning. Last year he was raced only twice in Chicago and then saved for a winter campaign in Florida, where he broke even in four encounters with Bold Ruler. In their last meeting, the Florida Derby, he tied the world's record of 1:46 4 5 for a mile and an eighth and gave every indication that the extra furlong he will have to go in Louisville would cause him no particular trouble. He is a brown colt, very well put together, and, as Jimmy Jones puts it, "he

continued

THE ROAD TO CHURCHILL DOWNS



gives you a feeling of easy motion when you watch him. Neat, of moderate size, compact, he is in action and perfect as a tomcat running. I guess you'd have to say he's a damn nice little horse."

His jockey, Willie Hartack, thinks he's more than a damn nice little horse. "When he turns for home he gives you everything he's got—what more can you ask for?"

The two big races in which Gen. Duke and Bold Ruler met (and divided) victories have given both sides an opportunity to find excuses for defeat. In the Flamingo, for example, in which Bold Ruler won over Gen. Duke by a neck, Hartack thinks he would have won had he not run into a little trouble at the half-mile pole. Similarly, Bold Ruler's last encounter with—and loss to—Gen. Duke, in the Florida Derby, prompted Mr. Fitz to suggest that the hard Gulfstream Park strip was not exactly to Bold Ruler's liking. Arcaro is not sure what it was in that one, but says, "I went from having perfect control to where the sucker buckled on me and I couldn't do anything with him. When I had to 'go,' my horse came up empty on me."

Bold Ruler, a son of Nasrullah (sire of Nashua) out of a Discovery mare, is a light-bodied, long and tall dark bay who gives you something of a fit every time he runs because you aren't sure whether or not he's going to go all out in the stretch. "He's not as temperamental as all that," says Mr. Fitz, "but he doesn't like you to fool with his mouth too much. He can be rated perfectly all right and in the Derby Eddie will have to save him some to make sure he has something left for where the money is. We don't want to run out of gas, nor will Arcaro let anyone kill him off in the first mile. The best place for him will be about second or third until it's time to turn it on. I don't want to see him pull back into the pack at any time."

Jimmy Jones has plenty of respect for Bold Ruler. "He is hard to beat because he fights all the way—like a man with a knife in his hand, he's dangerous all the time. I'd say the horse that beats him is going to win." Willie Hartack couldn't agree more. "I know Eddie isn't going to get fooled by any pace and that when we turn for home he'll be the guy I've got to catch. I really think I have the best horse, and with no bad luck—and no mistakes, mind you—I think I'll win it."

One of the normal purposes of running an entry is obviously for one horse to run the opposition ragged so that his come-from-behind teammate can run over tired horses at the finish. "But that isn't the way Calumet has been running Gen. Duke and Iron Liege at us this year," says Arcaro. "Shucks, they've been trying to win with both of them instead of using Iron Liege to kill me off. That Iron Liege [who will be ridden by 1956 Derby Winner Dave Erb] may be better than some people give him credit for being. He's always up there at the finish and he's got a lot of run in him. I don't think for a minute they plan to use him up to kill me off, because they know I'd just rate my horse back and not fall for any sucker tactics."

That Iron Liege is improving all the time is evident, both through his appearance and by studying his work tab. "He's a larger, longer-striding horse than Gen. Duke," says Jimmy Jones. "He's got beautiful, smooth, rhythmic motion, and I'll tip you off on one thing: if the track is off, Iron Liege can handle it as easy as eating ice cream."

Until two weeks ago it was almost a foregone conclusion that the Kentucky Derby would be settled conclusively between the Calumet pair and Bold Ruler. But there have been some rather startling developments lately in both New York and Kentucky which put at least two more names squarely in the middle of the Derby picture. One of these is Gallant Man, the son of Migoli-Majidah, who races in the colors of Ralph Lowe. Two weeks ago in the Wood Memorial Gallant Man forced Bold Ruler to a new track record and missed victory himself by only a nose.

Another name to remember is Travis M. Kerr's Round Table, who only last Thursday romped home in the Blue Grass Stakes, again in track record time. This son of Princequillo out of Knight's Daughter was bred in Kentucky by Bull Hancock and sold earlier this year for about $150,000, to Kerr, who subsequently only missed by a head and a nose winning the Santa Anita Derby with him. Just before shipping east he won the Bay Meadows Derby with a mile and a sixteenth in an easy 1:41⅗, and in the Blue Grass, although he beat nothing, he did it impressively and was full of run at the finish.

Of the other probable starters the fastest is without doubt Clifford Lussky's Federal Hill, whose tremendous early speed is more certain than his stamina. One of the sure come-from-behind Derby horses is T. A. Grissom's Shan Pac, a dark bay son of Shannon II. Racing in poor company most of the season at The Fair Grounds, Shan Pac reeled off a string of six straight wins before a bad ride cost him defeat at the hands of Federal Hill in the Louisiana Derby. His trainer, V. R. (Tennessee) Wright, has maintained all along that this colt should thrive on long distances and plenty of early speed by the leaders.

Derby starters Saturday may be as few as seven or eight, making it the smallest field since Calumet frightened off all but four rivals to face the 1948 entry of Citation and Coaltown. In that one Eddie Arcaro was on Citation and as confident as a man could be. This time he's an enemy of Calumet, but still confident. "I know one thing," says Eddie. "If my horse is right—and I mean 100% right—Gen. Duke won't beat him, and nobody else will either."

Yet the supporters of Gen. Duke insist he is the strongest horse and the only one capable of a deadly finishing rush.

This could, then, be one of the never-to-be-forgotten Derbies. Our notion is that either Gen. Duke, Bold Ruler or Iron Liege certainly should win it. The one who will win it is the one who can best take advantage of breaks, mistakes and racing luck. One mistake will be fatal. One break could be decisive. END

SPECTACLE

DERBY CARNIVAL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JERRY COOKE

Each year's Kentucky Derby is a show place for the great American sporting public as well as for the finest 3-year-old Thoroughbreds. No official count is made of Derby Day crowds or of the mint juleps they consume in their irresistible carnival mood. As these pages of pictures of last year's Derby crowd show, the audience is colorful, volatile and, above all, out for a good time









Twin spires are landmarks of 82-year-old Churchill Downs, where a crowd of over 100,000 annually views the Derby. With average temperatures in the low 70s, crowds spill into the infield making it a gala picnic grounds











Guys and dolls" motif inspires Derby Day clothing. Hooded by fur fedora, man (upper left) intently marks his program as woman (upper right) carries handbag styled after racing charts. Well-equipped spectator (lower left) stands her ground as dapper man in checkered shorts (lower right) studies entries





YOU SHOULD KNOW . . .

. . . if you are looking forward to a mint julep at the Derby (or at home), or if you just happen to be curious about bourbon whisky

by ED ZERN



TRAYFUL OF JULEPS is delivered at Louisville party. Commercial product is tasty but Expert Zern decries the lack of frost and the presence of straws.

As thousands of gentlemen, scholars and judges of good whisky gather in Louisville this Derby week, most of the talk will be about horses, and practically all of it will be over a drink. Traditionally, the drink will be bourbon whisky, one of 30 different kinds of whisky recognized by the federal government, which closely regulates the whisky business. It is called bourbon after Bourbon County, Kentucky, where a lot of it has been distilled and ingested since D. Boone kilt a bar in the vicinity.

Bluegrass monument

Most visitors to the Derby will count that day lost on which they don't consume at least one mint julep. This concoction is doubly renowned—first for its ability to soothe the human soul and, second, for the inability of any two native-born Americans to agree on its proper construction. And despite a querulous clique of embittered imbibers of Scotch and blended whiskies who mutter that the drink is a desperate invention designed to hide the taste of bourbon and thus make it drinkable, the mint julep continues to stand as a mouth-watering monument to the genius of the Bluegrass State.

A proper mint julep

Despite all the argument, there is only one way to make a proper mint julep:

> Take a dipper of water from a limestone spring and dissolve enough granulated sugar in it to give it a fine, oily texture, then set it aside. Take a goblet of sterling silver (or, in an emergency, a tumbler of cut crystal) and a single medium-sized leaf of mint, selected for succulent tenderness and plucked from the living plant not more than 10 minutes before. Using the back of a sterling silver spoon, bruise the leaf gently yet purposefully against the inside of the goblet and heap full of fairly fine-cracked ice made from limestone spring water. Pour straight bourbon whisky slowly into the goblet, letting it trickle through the ice at its leisure, until the vessel is almost full. After this has set for one minute, add the sugared water until the goblet threatens to overflow. Garnish the rim of the goblet with three sprigs of freshly picked mint. *Do not stir.* Let stand in a cool springhouse, or in a refrigerator, until the frosting on the goblet or tumbler is 3 32nds of an inch in thickness. Sip slowly, but don't use a straw. Between sips, think of a loved one.

Formula for whisky

Basically, say Uncle Sam's legal experts, whisky is "an alcoholic distillate from a fermented mash of grain distilled at less than 190 proof in such a manner that the distillate possesses the taste, aroma and characteristics generally attributed to whisky," and reduced by the addition of distilled water to not less than 80 proof before bottling. In other words, if it doesn't taste like whisky, it isn't whisky; also, it must be at least 40% alcohol. (The percentage of alcohol in any liquor is exactly one half the *proof number; 200 proof would be pure alcohol.*)

Proof of the bourbon

Ethyl alcohol boils at 172° Fahrenheit, water boils at 212°. If you make a mash of cracked grain mixed with water and let it ferment, the starch in the grain will turn into sugar and the sugar, in turn, will be transformed into alcohol. If you put the mash in a still and heat it to, say, 200°, the alcohol will boil off and can be condensed and collected, but hardly any of the water will come with it. The lower the temperature at which you boil off the alcohol, the less water there will be in the end product, and the higher the proof. A skillful distiller can regulate the proof of the liquor coming out of the still by regulating the heat he applies to the mash. When he wants more water and lower

continued

YOU SHOULD KNOW

continued

proof, he throws another log on the fire. (This is oversimple, but who isn't?)

Those neutral spirits

If the liquor comes from the still at 190 proof or more, it isn't legally whisky but something called "grain neutral spirits," which is light, relatively tasteless and an important ingredient of blended whisky, which can legally be made with up to 80% of grain neutral spirits. It's fashionable in some circles to disparage grain neutral spirits; these same circles usually support the market for vodka, which is simply g.n.s. diluted with water to reduce the proof.

Water and character

All whisky comes from the still at a higher proof than is practical for drinking purposes; to make it potable, the distiller adds distilled water. The only difference between 86 proof whisky and 90 or 100 proof whisky may be the amount of water that was added before bottling—and the price. But whisky that comes from the still at a low proof—say 150—will have more "body" and "character" than whisky distilled at a higher proof.

The "character" of a whisky is determined by the amount and variety of aldehydes, esters and other complex chemical compounds (including fusel oil in minuscule amounts) that are distilled along with ethyl alcohol and water; without these elements whisky would be flavorless and insipid. But since most of these compounds are also toxic, a "hearty" or "rich" or "robust" whisky is more likely to give you an enlarged head than a "light" (and less tasty) whisky.

Corn and charred oak

Bourbon whisky is legally distinguished from other types by the fact that the mash from which it is made is at least 51% corn (the remainder being wheat, rye or barley), that it is distilled at less than 160 proof, and is stored in new charred-oak barrels.

If bourbon whisky is also labeled "straight" (as it almost always is), it has been aged for not less than two full years in new charred-oak barrels; the exact age is printed somewhere on the label, as required by law.

When it comes from the still, whisky is almost as colorless as water; during aging it acquires color from the charred wood in which it is stored, and sometimes a coloring element may be added by the distiller (a smidgen of caramelized sugar gives a richer hue to the whisky without impairing the natural flavor).

How it began

During the American colonial period, grain was easy to grow in fertile soil, but transportation was difficult. If a farmer sent his corn or rye or barley by wagon to a distant market it might be hijacked by road agents, burnt by hostile Indians, dumped by a broken axle, ruined by mildew or made worthless by a glut on the market. In any event, it was bulky, perishable and expensive to store or ship. If he prudently converted the same amount of grain into whisky it was considerably smaller in bulk, easier and less expensive to ship, and it actually improved with age when stored for several years. Hence the abundance of distilleries in such outposts of civilization as Pennsylvania and Kentucky, the respective birthplaces of those marvelous inventions, rye and bourbon whisky.

Salt fish and whisky

The use of charred barrels for aging whisky is supposed to have originated in colonial times. Nobody knows for sure how the practice started, but one story has it that the only available barrels were those in which salt fish had been shipped to the whisky-making areas. To dispel the fish taste the insides of the barrel were charred, and by the time the settlers had learned to make barrels that would hold whisky without leaking, the custom of charring was established. (In any case, when the barrel is charred it's less likely to impart a woody flavor to the whisky.)

Bourbon and branch

Throughout the South, smaller tributaries of rivers are called branches—whence the expression "bourbon and branch" for bourbon and water. Bourbon (or any other whisky) is likely to leave the drinker with fewer regrets if it is drunk with plain or carbonated water, or (if taken neat) followed by a chaser.

The real corn

Contrary to popular notion, bourbon whisky and corn whisky are not the same thing. Straight corn whisky is made from a mash of at least 80% corn, and may be aged in uncharred re-used barrels.

Mellow with age

Whisky experts generally agree that a rich, heavy whisky requires longer aging than a lighter-bodied variety (which may be fully mature at four years), but no one is sure why aging makes whisky smoother and mellower, and no one has yet found a substitute for time in the making of whisky.

A little left-over mash

The sour-mash process of making bourbon whisky involves adding a portion of residue from a previous batch of mash to help start fermentation of a new batch; the process is slower and costlier, but a number of bourbon fanciers are convinced it's worth it, and cheerfully pony up the difference in price.

The good and the bad

In the folklore of whisky there are a number of ways to distinguish a "good" whisky from a "bad" whisky. Some local experts vow they can rub a drop of whisky between their fingers until it evaporates, and thus judge the age and character of the liquor in question by the feel of it. Another school of philosophy holds that whisky can be judged by swirling some in a shot glass and observing the manner in which beads of the stuff form on the side of the glass; the bigger the beads the better the whisky, they claim, while in other sections small beads are held to be a sign of quality. A few scholars persist in pouring a jigger of whisky slowly into a glass half full of water and noting the manner in which the liquids mingle; a smooth, untroubled mingling denotes a fine, smooth whisky, they declare. A troublesome left wing group heats a sample of the whisky in a tablespoon, then ignites the vapor and studies the color of the flame. None of these tests seems to have any scientific validity, and the only true test of a whisky continues to be your own excellent taste and considered enjoyment. Your good health, sir and madam! END

TALE OF THE MOONLIGHT GAMBLERS



IN 1955, LITTLER AND SON CURT, ONE, GET FIRST LOOK AT SILVER TREASURE OF LAS VEGAS



IN 1956 CURT SITS GUARD ON DOLLAR-LADEN BARROW. 1957 (BELOW): IT'S OLD HAT NOW



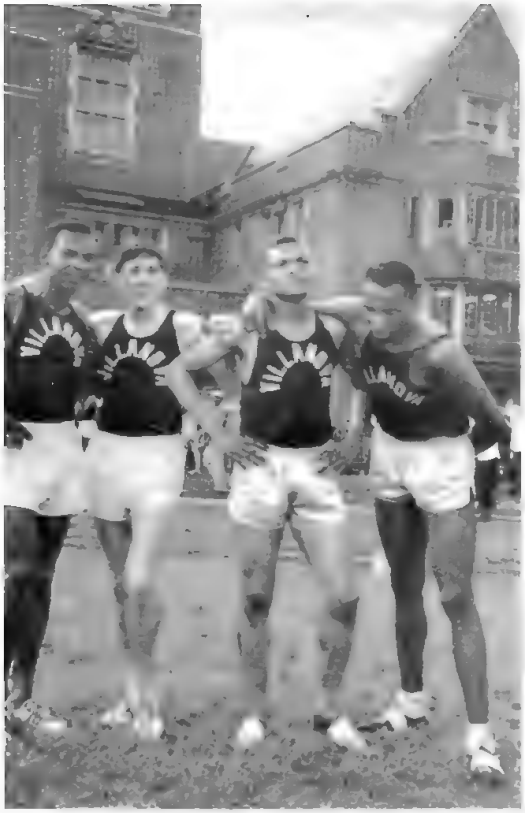
THE FIRM of Littler & Laine, Inc. is limited to a four-day operation once a year, but even in that short span the partnership's profits grow and grow and grow. Gene Littler is a professional golfer. Frankie Laine is a professional singer. Littler cannot sing a note and Laine's golf is terrible—but there is a deep understanding between these two. In three successive years at the Tournament of Champions in Las Vegas, mecca of the fast buck, the firm has made almost a quarter of a million dollars, the largest golf-gamble bonanza in history.

Littler won his third straight Tournament of Champions title on Sunday, April 21. Laine—who "purchased" Littler in the Calcutta pool on the night before each of these tournaments—this year collected a staggering $80,134 net. Thus, Laine's net income from Littler's victories in three years has reached $193,654. Littler earned the $10,000 first prize money from each of his tournament victories, so together Laine and Littler have taken $223,654 from the Tournament of Champions in three years. However, Littler's total share came to $54,000, since Laine, who really owed him nothing but gratitude, gave him "bonuses" of $7,500, $7,000 and $9,500 for winning in 1955, '56 and '57.

In the past three years at Las Vegas Littler has played 12 rounds of Tournament of Champions golf. That figures out to 14 hours per tournament, or a total of 42 hours of work on the Desert Inn course. Thus, total earnings of Littler & Laine, Inc. are about $5,325 per hour, which for professional singers—to say nothing of golfers—is not bad.

Littler struggles along the professional golf tour, playing tolerably but hardly sensationally. He did not win a tournament between the 1956 and 1957 Las Vegas tournaments. In the argot of the profession, he was "off his stick" until last week. Littler automatically qualified for the 1958 Tournament of Champions by winning this year. So the firm is assured of another year of operation. And where does Frankie get the money to buy golfers? Why, from his royalties from such recording hits as *Moonlight Gambler*.

—JOHN ROMERO



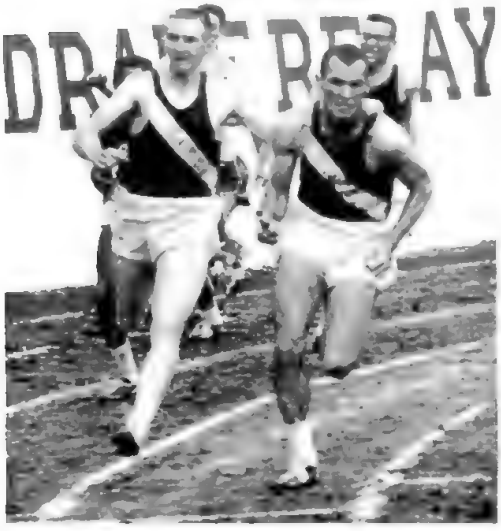
GULPING AIR, Villanova's Charles Jenkins, Ron Delany, Ed Collins and Charles Stead pant after setting Penn relay mile record.

WARM DAYS,

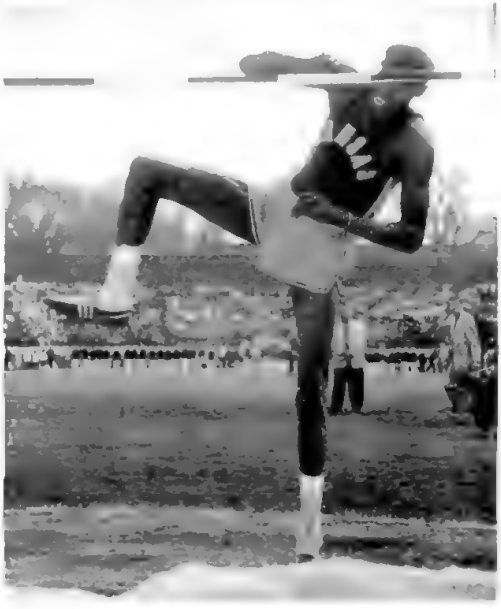
IN PHILADELPHIA, under a warm sun, the Villanova mile relay team whisked to first place in 3:12.7 in their specialty. Halfway across the nation, Bobby Morrow, the satiny-smooth sprinter who may be the best the world has ever known, floated home in 9.4 seconds to win the 100-yard dash at the Drake Relays, then added two whistling-fast anchor laps in the quarter- and half-mile relays to give Abilene Christian College meet records in those events of 40.5 and 1:24.2. Another giant step across the nation, on the West Coast, a student chemistry student named Bob Gutowski whipped down the runway toward the pole vault pit at Stanford, rose gracefully into the air and retired a 15-year-old world record, set by Cornelius Warmerdam, when he cleared 15 feet 8¼ inches in the pole vault. From ocean to ocean, the finest track and field athletes in the world unlimbered their muscles in the pleasant sunshine of spring and gave awesome warning of the startling feats to come during the hot days of summer. Gutowski's performance in a dual meet between Occidental and Stanford at Palo Alto was the best of the day. He bettered the mark of 15 feet 7¼ inches set by Warmerdam in May 1942, and he missed three times in an effort to reach the pole vault equivalent of the four-minute mile—16 feet. Gutowski said that after competing in the broad jump he was a "bit tired" when the event started, but he felt good after the bar was lifted above the 14-foot mark.

In Des Moines, at the Drake Relays, Morrow's coach Oliver Jackson, worried before the Abilene Christian marvel began competition. "He's a little too drawn," said Jackson. "He's been traveling a lot and he looks tired." But

DRIVING HARD, incomparable Bobby Morrow takes baton for blistering anchor lap and Drake Relays' 440-yard relay mark.



CLIMBING AWKWARDLY as a young crane, Kansas' basketball ace, 7-foot Wilt Chamberlain, starts over Drake high jump.



HOT TIMES, COAST TO COAST

Morrow, who ran a casual 10 flat in a slow qualifying heat in the Friday rain, looked relaxed and rested Saturday as he ran his effortless 9.4 to turn back the bid of stocky, muscular Ira Murchison in the finals of the 100. "I didn't press," he said later. "I glanced at Murchison out of the corner of my eye once, but he wasn't coming up, so I didn't press." Next to Morrow, the cynosure of all eyes was a tremendously elongated basketball phenomenon named Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain, who tied for first in the high jump with an odd style encompassing a short, casual approach run and an incredibly high lift of a long, long leg to start over the bar, much as a tall man might step over a barbed wire fence. Chamberlain wore a tiny cap while he jumped and disported himself like a man who plays as much for the laughs as the victory. Laszlo Tabori, the four-minute miler from Hungary, laid off the pace a bit too long in the mile and lost in a desperate, driving finish to tall Ted Wheeler in 4:06.9. Before the race, Tabori's coach had predicted he would run "between 4:06 and 4:08," and his actual clocking was 4:07. Tabori is tuning himself for a peak effort in late June. Olympic Champions Ron Delany (1,500 meters) and Charlie Jenkins (400 meters) were the key men in Villanova's come-from-behind victory in the mile relay at the Penn Relays in Philadelphia. Delany made up 10 yards in his next-to-the-anchor lap, Jenkins' anchor leg was a brilliant 46.4 quarter, and the victory, race and meet went to Villanova. All in all, over the nation on this warm Saturday, American athletes gave assuring signs that the 1960 Olympics are, already, well in mind.

—TEX MAULE

STRAINING MIGHTILY, Ted Wheeler's effort shows in his drawn face as he nips Laszlo Tabori for an upset win in Drake mile.





PUSHING CLEANLY over bar for world record, Bob Gutowski casts away his pole at 15 feet 8¼ inches in California meet.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

CHANGING VALUES • BUMPY ROAD FROM DETROIT • HILARITY ON THE POOP DECK • ROCK, THUMP AND ROLL • LOOK COOL AND THEN APPLY THE HEAT • DIZZY TALK • THAT CLASSIC LINE

NEW APPROACH

THE concept of college, popularized by Hollywood, as a 'series of romantic escapades punctuated by athletic crises' is not a worthy concept."

These words appear in *Higher Education in a Decade of Decision*, a newly published volume in which the 20 distinguished members of the Educational Policies Commission examine the needs and problems of American colleges. The report is the result of a four-year study, and the statement quoted above is hardly more than a passing remark in a work which deals seriously with finance, educational policy and the fitness of students to study and teachers to teach.

But the words which follow it ought surely to be of interest to all those who —nowadays—discuss the de-emphasis, re-emphasis or non-emphasis of college athletics: "Perhaps the worst excesses of this distortion of higher education came during the 1920s. Since the Depression and World War II, a significant readjustment of the values in college life has been under way."

EXIT SPIKE

WALTER Owen (Spike) Briggs Jr., General Manager of the Detroit Tigers, was unhappy last week about the way the new owners of his ball club were running things (SI, Feb. 18). He was particularly unhappy with Harvey R. Hansen, the Tiger president of only one week.

"I'm going to straighten him out on the chain of command around here," Briggs told a Detroit sportswriter on Thursday. "This fellow [Hansen] is going around me so I may have to take him in hand." On Friday morning, sitting in his office in the stadium named after his father, Spike Briggs began taking things in hand. Hansen and John Fetzer, chairman of the board, were standing in front of his desk. Spike, apparently ruffled over being remonstrated in the press by Fetzer for "losing his head," pointed to an undated letter of resignation and asked his visitors:

"This is the paper you've read about —do you want me to date it?"

To Spike's sad surprise, Fetzer and Hansen replied, "Yes."

"Spike's only doubt about resigning," Fetzer said, "was the date."

And so ended the Briggs family association with Detroit baseball which dates back to 1920, when the senior Spike Briggs bought a one-fourth interest in the Tigers—which he later acquired in full.

Spike Jr., now 45, had grown up with the Tigers, worshiping Bucky Harris in 1934 and '35 when the Tigers won the pennant and finally joining the front office as vice-president in the following year. But it was not until 1952 when his father died that young Spike had his chance to run the whole show. Yet nothing went right for the young baseball executive.

First the courts ordered the executors of the Briggs estate to sell the Tigers. Spike tried to interest Detroit friends and relatives in buying the baseball club, but he could find no takers. Eventually other buyer groups made offers and finally the Fred Knorr-Fetzer-Hansen syndicate acquired the club (SI, Feb. 18).

During the dewy-eyed press conference he called on Friday to explain his resignation, Spike held his tongue remarkably well. The letter, he said, had been written in routine fashion long ago. His remarks to the Detroit press concerning the new owners made them "very unhappy" and precipitated his resignation. It was that simple.

After it was over, Spike confided: "It's the first time I've ever got the

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

- **Soup Ration**

  NASCAR, disturbed by withdrawals of independent drivers who found it discouraging (and too costly) to compete against "super stocks," roadblocked the souped-up models by outlawing double carburetors and fuel injection systems. In future, stock cars will be limited to single four-barrel carburetors.

- **Must Touch**

  The rare case of an umpire calling the "phantom" double play (SI, Aug. 6) sparked a rhubarb in Yankee Stadium when Pivot Man Bobby Richardson left the bag before taking throw from third base for relay to first. Jackie Jensen of Red Sox was called safe at second, and Billy Martin was ejected for squawking.

- **Institutional Advertising**

  In Chattanooga a softball league with groups sponsored by such firms as the Du Pont Co. and Peerless Woolen Mills got a new team: the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. Chattanooga's Klavern No. 1 will sponsor the team as "a public relations move," because, according to a Klan spokesman, "we have a bad name."

- **Ascending Spiral**

  The athletic department of the University of Nebraska faced a round of rising costs: the Board of Regents raised tuition $70 a year for Nebraskans, $150 for out-of-staters. In terms of 80 full and 59 partial athletic scholarships, the tuition hike will cost the athletic department an extra $10,000 a year.

ax. The stuff hit the fan, I guess. It was a semi force play."

Upon leaving, Spike had some advice for the business magnates now running his Tigers.

"In baseball," he said, "you've got to roll with the punches. If they don't learn that, they won't be happy. And if they don't keep John McHale [in charge of player personnel], they'll screw up the whole outfit."

He also had a warning.

"If the new owners don't keep Briggs Stadium up to the fine high standards that my father did," Spike said, "then I will ask them to take the Briggs name off the stadium wall. Briggs Stadium is a memorial to my father, and I want it kept in the kind of condition my father kept it in."

THE ADMIRAL LAUGHS LAST

WHEN REAR ADMIRAL Daniel Gallery, Commander of the Caribbean Sea Frontier, examined baseball's official rule book (SI, Feb. 4), he concluded that it was full of loopholes and fuzzy writing. Citing one case in point, Admiral Gallery wrote:

"There is one way of breaking up a double play which is entirely legal though I've never seen it tried. Suppose there's a runner on first, the hit-and-run is on and the batter hits an easy double-play ball at the second baseman. *The runner from first* simply fields the ball and tosses it to the second base umpire. The ump will, of course, treat the ball as if it were white-hot and will do his best to avoid touching it. But under the rules all he can do is declare the runner out for being hit by a batted ball and put the hitter on first with a single . . . I hope I'm around when some real belligerent big league manager lets his boys try this dodge. It could produce the biggest rhubarb since the Cain-Abel fight."

A fair-size rhubarb was produced by the admiral's observations. Under a headline in *The Sporting News* that read: "Rules Experts Fire Broadside at Navy Critic," James T. Gallagher, chairman of the Playing Rules Committee of Organized Ball, and Cal Hubbard, supervisor of American League umpires, sprang to the defense of the rule book. On the case cited above, Mr. Hubbard said:

"As for Admiral Gallery's suggestion that the runner easily could break up the double play by getting hit or fielding the ball, well, I often wonder why they don't do it. But, of course, you never know whether it actually is going to be a double play or not. I imagine that's what keeps them from taking a chance on getting hit."

Mr. Gallagher said that if he were a manager, he'd "slap a stiff fine" on a player who deliberately interfered with a hit ball. "Just think," he said, "how many double plays are missed for one reason or another."

In a wire to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Mr. J. G. Taylor Spink, publisher of *The Sporting News*, said that in Admiral Gallery's hypothetical case, "[I] believe umpires could invoke power given them under 9.01 (c) and rule double play because of deliberate interference and making travesty of game."

It was all good hot stove league stuff. But then, as the world now knows, Admiral Gallery's hypothetical case became a reality.

In a Cincinnati-Milwaukee game at Milwaukee on April 21, Don Hoak, the Redlegs' third baseman, fielded a batted ball and in effect retired himself. Reported the Associated Press:

"Hoak, automatically out under the rules, fielded Wally Post's hopper between second and third in the first inning and flipped the ball back to the Braves' shortstop, Johnny Logan.

"Post was credited with a single, Logan with the putout.

"Hoak probably could have avoided the ball because it wasn't hit hard.

"Base Umpire Frank Dascoli said that Hoak was declared out under the rule covering base runners coming in contact with a batted ball and that the rule does not specify intent."

Heads of both major leagues went into action immediately. After a hasty conference, the rule of long standing was clarified to cover just the case envisioned by Admiral Gallery and executed by Don Hoak. As Will Harridge, president of the American League, put it in a wire to all league umpires:

"If, in the judgment of the umpire, a base runner willfully and deliberately interferes with a batted ball with the obvious intent to break up a double play, the ball is dead, the umpire shall call the runner out for interference and also call out the following runner because of the action of his teammate.

"In no event may bases be run, or runs score because of such action by a runner."

For Admiral Gallery's last laugh see 19th HOLE, page 81.

FIGHT NIGHT AT ST. NICK'S

MANHATTAN'S dingy St. Nicholas Arena, which is billed as "America's oldest fight club" over television on Monday nights, also serves another, less publicized purpose—on Saturday nights it is often converted into a ballroom. Fight fans, however, need not feel that the old abattoir's seamy atmosphere is necessarily profaned by the sound of music and the soft laughter of dancers.

It is possible to report that one of the liveliest battles in St. Nick's history occurred only a few days ago in the midst of the Caribbean Carnival—a dance sponsored by an Eighth Avenue social club. Nobody ever found out



exactly how it started, but one minute 2,700 people were swaying rhythmically and the next most of them seemed to be punching each other in the nose. Bottles flew, a fire escape collapsed, dumping retreating dancers to the pavement, and chairs sailed through the air. The cops lugged 10 contestants off to the hospital, took three to jail and spent a busy hour clearing the hall. When silence finally fell the floor was littered with broken glass and smashed tables. "It looks," said Police Captain Anthony Sadlo Jr., in honest admiration, "as though a cyclone has been through here."

RED KING

IN CHESS as in poker, pole vaulting and the prize ring, the ability to press an opponent—to look cool and apply heat—is a priceless talent. Soviet news releases indicate that it was this sort of psychological leverage which enabled Vassily Smyslov, a gangling, red-headed, 36-year-old Muscovite to seize the world's chess championship from his fellow countryman, Mikhail Botvinnik last week after two months of nerve-racking play in Moscow. It was not, however, the only weapon Smyslov used in ending Botvinnik's nine-year reign; the new champion is an old campaigner with a persistent and adventurous mind.

Smyslov's father was also a chess master, so the boy began the game at 6, beat his paternal instructor when he was 12, and at 14 began an intensive study of the game in a state youth center. For years he lost many matches he might well have won if he had stuck to a conservative approach to the game, but he revolted at "dogmatism," "experimented" continually and eventually achieved what he calls a "creative"

continued

continued

or "mystic" view of chess. This and remarkable poise and self-control—stood him in good stead during the wearing 22-game championship match with Botvinnik.

From the beginning he laid daily plans to seize the initiative from his opponent. They worked, and through most of the match Smyslov—like a pitcher staying in front of the batter—had a decided psychological advantage. He utilized it further by making every move with an air of supreme confidence and by strolling silently up and down the hall while Botvinnik contemplated his next move. In all Smyslov walked a hundred miles—a mile an hour for a hundred hours. Botvinnik, in the words of a Soviet commentator became "depressed." How did the new champion explain his devastating coolness? "I do not," he said, "expect more from fate than it gives me."

A FEW KEYS TO OLE DIZ

A GOOD MANY millions of people have listened to Dizzy Dean in the years since he ceased subjecting baseball to internal stresses as a pitcher and began subjecting it to external strain as an interpreter and broadcaster. In that time, it is quite probable, several thousand have learned to understand him. Now that Ole Diz is being heard from coast to coast however (Game of the Week on 190 CBS television stations), it becomes mandatory, both as a journalistic duty and an act of simple kindness, to offer a few keys to the Dean mind—which, like those of Einstein, Freud and other original thinkers, is more easily admired than really fathomed.

Ole Diz, of course, speaks his own brand of English. Being aware of this, however, and understanding what Ole Diz is saying are two different things, so the following lexical references may prove invaluable:

KARM—a verb in "watchin' the ball karm off'n the wall," otherwise spelled "carom."

SCORN—surname of the New York Yankees' first baseman, Bill Skowron.

AIRS—miscues, as in "No runs, no hits, no airs."

STROK—a good pitch, opposite of "ball."

WARSHDUN—our nation's capital and home of the "Warshdun Senators."

SEMTH—the inning between the sixth and the eighth.

GARNTEE—an assurance of good faith, as in "Ah'll garntee ya he was tho'in real hard."

ROT—opposite of left and also opposite of wrong.

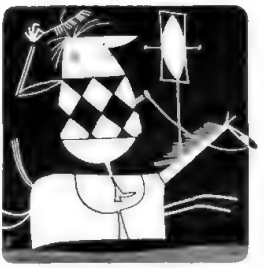
SWANG—either present or past tense of verb "swing."

JOE-ZY—a Spanish name which is spelled "Jose."

The listener who makes use of this glossary will also be aided by the knowledge that Dean's range of coherent pronunciation is limited to one syllable. Though he does occasionally attempt multisyllabic sounds he normally telescopes words to a more functional size. Thus "Bauer" becomes simply "Bar"—which is not to be confused with "b'ar," an animal, as in "Kilt him a b'ar when he was only three," a snatch of a song Ole Diz may sing if the game is dull enough and he has momentarily forgotten the second verse of *The Wabash Cannonball*.

Dean's words, of course, are not designed for conventional syntax and should be used simply as clues to the Dean thought processes, which include all the congenital prejudices of a one-time pitcher. Ole Diz, for instance, still hates batters, and he can be thrown into a tantrum at the sight of one of them refusing a visor-high waste pitch. "Ah cain't," he is likely to cry, "see how a man can he'p from swangin' at a tho lak 'at." He also feels that it is the simple duty of all outfielders and infielders to catch every ball which comes their way even though it may be hit with atomic force.

The above constitutes only a basic primer for those who follow the weekly Dean Commentaries. There is still plenty of unexplored wordage for anyone who would like to engage in the thrill of recognizing a new Deanism—a thrill not unlike that known to skin-divers who find themselves face to face with some rare specimen of cuttlefish far below the surface of everyday existence.



FASHION PLATER

He leads with nothing much to spare,
But watch his speed diminish.
He's taking time to comb his hair
In case of a photo finish.

—F. E. WHITE

SOME VINTAGE THOUGHTS

SOME two dozen vintage cars were gathered in New York's Rockefeller Plaza one fine spring morning last week, for the second Anglo-American Vintage Car Rally. They dated from 1908 to 1929, and they had been restored to a glittering freshness. Their wheels were enormous, their paint jobs brilliant, their running boards as broad as the piazza of an old-fashioned summer hotel. Their trappings of brass or chrome were of an almost Gothic splendor; and they attracted crowds that not even a fire on the 33rd floor of the RCA Building could distract.

A modernist on SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S staff fell into conversation with one of the antiquarians present and came back to the office with some new slants, to wit:

The old cars' strong, clean lines and incisive angles made some of their descendants rolling interminably past in the nearby streets look like gelatin-molds-on-wheels. People turned away from the fine sight reluctantly, obviously filled with nostalgia and delight.

This nostalgia for good design has grown in recent years. It accounts for much of the quick popularity of the simple, clean-cut Thunderbird and the acceptance of the new long, straight lines of *some* of Detroit's 1957 models. It explains in part the whole world's persistent fondness for the jeep. The nostalgia market (which the antiquarian seems to consider the good taste market) is growing, and some day a car manufacturer with taste and courage is going to make a killing in it.

Perhaps the easiest spot for the kill would be in the design of small cars. The need for them grows and grows, and so does the demand; yet no one small car has ever been a conspicuous success in this country. Why? Maybe it's because virtually every small car has tried to look like a miniature version of a big car, and has managed only to look cramped and clumsy, and to be a rolling admission that its owner has dropped behind the Joneses.

The supersuccessful small car, perhaps, will be one that the modest can buy because its price is low, and the rich because it is perky, tough and amusing; and the millions in between can buy it for the one reason and pretend that they bought it for the other.



"I said, could we see your chief, please?"



WITH BOW AT FULL DRAW, NEGLEY FACES A POTENTIAL VICTIM

$10,000 SAID: 'IT CAN'T BE DONE'

by WILLIAM NEGLEY

TO BEGIN WITH, my determination to hunt an elephant with a bow did not stem from any wish to profit from the wager possibilities inherent in such an affair. The wager came up late in the game, in the course of an evening in the Yacht Club bar at Cat Cay in the Bahamas last June, and it merely served to underscore the strong division of opinion which has heretofore existed as to the efficiency of modern archery equipment. William K. Carpenter, with whom I made the bet, and I had killed elephants with a rifle, and we agreed that under normal hunting conditions and with modern, heavy caliber rifles, shooting an elephant is not too difficult a job. I went on to add that during the last two years I had done a fair amount of hunting in south Texas with bow and arrow, and that someday I would like to go back to Africa and hunt elephants with a bow.

There were a number of other people present, and we had all been drinking Martinis while waiting for dinner, so this talk of mine precipitated a moment of quiet appraisal, and then a variety of reactions, from polite disbelief that I was talking seriously to more forthright protests that such a feat was quite impossible.

After an hour or so of this kind of varied discussion, Bill Carpenter finally lifted the matter out of the strictly idle-chatter category when he announced with mixed amusement and impatience, "Well, Bill, I will bet you any amount you like, say $10,000 to $1,000, that you can't kill an elephant with a bow and arrow. And certainly not with the gear you have just been describing." I asked for a little time to make arrangements for such a test, and then we went on to other things. I think the others were all somewhat bored with our talk by now and welcomed a change.

Some months passed before I got in touch with Bill Carpenter again. I had to complete plans for my trip to Africa on behalf of the Witte Museum in San Antonio, on whose advisory board I serve as director of natural history. My purpose was to collect specimens for a new Africa Hall addition. I also had to find a place in Africa where hunting elephants with bow and arrow was permitted, which wasn't easy. These things were all arranged by October of 1956, but I was not entirely sure that Carpenter would still consider my acceptance of his wager offer. I wrote to Bill on October 15, recalling our talk and offering to accept the wager. On November 12, Bill wrote he still felt the same way. So the bet was on, and he accepted my nomination of Tony Hulman of Terre Haute, Indiana to be referee and stakeholder. Hulman, owner of the Indianapolis Speedway and a fisherman of considerable note, accepted the task of judge, and both of us posted checks with him even before I left New York for the Congo on February 10 of this year. It was our thought that this early posting might avoid estate tax problems in the event of an unhappy accident.

The Belgian Congo had been selected as the hunting area; Eric Rundgren of Mombasa, who had killed close to a thousand elephants as a control hunter for the Kenya government, had been contracted for as white hunter; and the $10,000 wager money was at least a



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

An attorney by training, a hunter and [illegible] by avocation, and "a trader" by [illegible], 42-year-old William Negley [illegible] of a paradox: a quiet, almost retiring man from the flat lowland [illegible] of Texas. President [illegible] Southwestern Tank Co. of San Antonio, he [illegible] the time to manage his hobbies, devote money and time to a field to which he is passionately dedicated—natural history and, particularly, the Witte Museum of [illegible] town. But, as his story indicates, he is also a man who rises expertly to a provocative challenge.



IN PROOF OF HIS CONVICTION, BILL NEGLEY POSES WITH $10,000 WORTH OF BULL ELEPHANT LAID OUT BEFORE HIM ON THE AFRICAN GRASS

remote possibility for the museum. The only question requiring further study was that of what equipment to use on the bow hunt and how to train for it. Though I searched every book and article, I could find nothing of technical assistance that dealt with hunting anything heavier than deer, moose or American buffalo—this material all stopped short of where I felt I would have to begin.

I have right here in San Antonio an archery shop as good as any in the country, run by Arch Gassman, who has taught me all that I know about balancing equipment, *i.e.*, selecting arrows that will shoot consistently well in any given bow. I told Arch of my desire to someday hunt an elephant with a bow, and at the same time borrowed a 65-pound bow so as to begin to train up to as high as 80 pounds of pull at least. This proved to be a painful process—an old tennis injury to my right shoulder was aggravated to the point of requiring a direct injection of cortisone into the joint each time I advanced to a heavier bow weight. But I managed, and in succession and at intervals of 60 days or so, I secured from the Bear Archery Company of Grayling, Michigan a 73-pound bow, a 78, a 90, and, finally, after long telephone conversations with Fred Bear, a 96- and a 102-pounder. The latter was thoughtfully inscribed: "To Bill Negley—made especially to kill an elephant—Fred Bear, 1956."

Finally came the day in February when the last injection of cortisone had been rammed home, and in my workshop I had hand-filed the edges on the last arrowheads. I had already shipped ahead two bows and three dozen arrows, and Arch and I packed my 102-pound bow, plus two dozen extra-heavy and extra-stiff arrows that Fred Bear sent me at the last minute. A few injections for cholera, yellow fever, etc., malaria pills, last words of caution and warning from wife and family, a will, several broad powers of attorney for my business associates, a few odd proxy signings, and then I headed for New York, Nairobi and the Belgian Congo armed with mixed expectations and a very grand letter of introduction from former Governor Allan Shivers of Texas.

A letter to Jim

On any hunting or fishing trip, I have followed a practice of reporting home by means of letters to the children, in order of their ages. On February 22, I wrote to 12-year-old Jim, enclosing a polaroid snapshot, as follows:

February 22, 1957
Kasenyi, on Lake Albert

Dear Jim,

As you can see from the enclosed picture, this has been the day for which you have seen me practicing in the backyard for nearly a year.

I went to bed at 8:30 last night and as usual got up at 6 this morning. During the night it rained, which was good, as it would make the tall elephant grass a little quieter to walk through. It would also make the ground softer and easier for tracking, so I got up and took a bath in our little stream, which is just about the size and shape of French Creek but not so cold, and then shaved and put on clean clothes. I decided that if there were to be an accident I, at least, did not want to look like a bum. Also, I had decided the day before to hunt in shorts, since they would not make the hollow flopping noise that long trousers make.

With all these preparations behind me, I stepped out in front of our camp where I have my target set up for a few last rounds of practice. After missing the bull's eye eight times from less than 20 yards, I decided to quit; if I hadn't learned to shoot after a year's hard work, I wasn't going to learn now, and, besides, I didn't want to hurt my arm here at the last minute.

We all had breakfast about 7:30, and Eric began to talk about the conditions not being right—wind, clouds, etc., but then I can remember from last year that professional hunters are seldom like amateur hunters. If they feel the hunt is going to be successful, as Eric did, they simply will not hurry, even though the client fidgets. However, we did finally get going at 8:30 and by 8:35 we had found a herd of elephants, just about a half mile from camp. There were several good bulls in this herd, but for the half hour that we watched them from on top of an anthill they simply stood around amongst the cows and calves and squirted mud on their backs—they were out in the middle of a small marsh full of very tall grass and mud. We decided this

continued



CROUCHED IN HIGH GRASS, NEGLEY STALKS SECOND ELEPHANT HE KILLED DAY AFTER FIRST

ELEPHANT HUNT

continued

situation did not look too good, so we left to look for a lone bull, if we could find one, and if not, to return in an hour or so and see if they had spread out a little under the trees on higher ground. We went north a couple of miles, and right along the stream on which our camp is pitched we found about 30 or 40 elephants scattered out in the valley below us. Several were good bulls, the grass was not too high, the breeze seemed fairly constant, the elephants were not too bunched and Eric could think of no further obstacles, so I strung my bow and picked out the arrows that I had sharpened the night before. It looked like we were ready to do business, so we stepped down off the high bank on the east side of the stream and into the bottom where the elephants were.

The first bull we had seen and decided to hunt was joined by two cows, but all three of them were disturbed by a herd of a hundred or more Uganda Kob (a very handsome antelope) that we had run down from on top. In the process of following these elephants we spotted a huge old bull feeding by himself in a patch of low green grass, *i.e.*, grass about three or four feet high. There was an anthill about 50 yards from him, and here we left Don Redinger, our cameraman, and the two black trackers. Twenty yards closer to the elephant was a big thorn tree, and here Eric took up his stand with his .577. Everything looked O.K., so I started in from there, intending to slip up to within 15 yards of the animal. I could already hear his teeth grinding the grass which he lifted into his mouth with his trunk, and I must say I wasn't amused at the sound of it. However, there was no turning back now, so I sneaked ahead as quietly as possible, keeping an eye out for three cows and a very small calf that had just showed up coming our way from over a small rise to the left. The stalking was difficult, and when only halfway to the bull I could hear Eric whistle softly, and eating that the cows were now too close, and I could see that if I had to run they might get in behind me. The situation was definitely too mixed up, so I scooted out quickly and we all retreated to the anthill in the hope that the cows and calf would go on by, leaving the bull alone again. But, unfortunately, as the cows advanced in their slow grazing, they crossed the scent I had left as I retreated. This alarmed them, and as they walked quickly away the old bull followed them.

It was almost 9:30 by now, and the sun was getting hot, so we hoped we might catch the bull at the stream, where he and the cows and several others now seemed to be heading. Two other acceptable bulls had joined the group now, so we had hopes of picking one off as they meandered in and out of the trees along the stream. But at about this time the wind changed, so we had to cross the stream again and climb the high bank in order to restudy the situation. All the elephants, about seven cows and three bulls, had by now slipped into a small patch of green bush in the bottom, and were completely hidden, though we knew they were in there.

After studying the terrain from up above, we made a new plan. There was a small hill on the stream bank, just beyond where the elephants were, which would be a good location for both the camera and the .577. It would also be the place from which I would advance as the elephants went down the stream bank to drink. The bank was 10 feet high at this point, which would give me an advantage in case they got mean. We had barely got down off the very high eastern bank and crossed the stream to the west side and advanced to the sharp knoll when the first cows started to come out of the patch of bush and cross the stream, drinking as they went. Finally the three bulls came into view and started for the stream. I could not advance at that point, for recent fires had burned the grass down to where there was no cover. I could see that I would have to wait until the last of the bulls headed down the steep bank, and then hurry forward in order to get a shot at him before he got very far across the stream. One of the smaller bulls started down the bank, so it was now a question of whether the big fellow was going to cross next or wait until the last. He elected to go next, and as he disappeared down the bank about 50 yards away, the last bull also headed for the bank, and I came up over the knoll and started out across the fairly open ground. As the bull, the one now elected for the shot, slowly stepped down the steep bank, I almost ran over the smooth ground to a position on the bank just over him.

Let him have it

I was now so close that a slight change in the wind carried my scent to him. Just eight or 10 steps away I could see the tip of his thick trunk twisting around slowly, just like a periscope. He was by now suspicious, but I knew he couldn't climb back out of the river as fast as I could run up here on top. By and by the trunk went down and I could hear him start to walk across the stream as the others had done. I felt sure he would stop on the far bank and turn to see what it was he had winded on the bank above and behind him. He stopped at just the right point; in fact, I stood up as he was moving to make sure he would stop. I had got my feet into position while he was in the stream, so all I had

continued



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ELEPHANT HUNT

continued

to do was stand up straight and let him have it.

I had worried that when this moment finally came, the 102-pound bow might prove a problem, but now it drew back with no more effort than that tiny bow of your sister Laura's. But he stood with his right leg slightly back, so I shied away from a shot close in behind his shoulder. Aside from this one fleeting thought about his foreleg, all I was aware of was a whole lot of elephant and only a moment for firing. So I let fly, and the arrow hissed like a knife stab into a watermelon as it disappeared almost to the very feathers and high in the lung area about two feet behind the shoulder. Not too artistic a shot from only 15 or 20 yards, but it looked good enough as he raced across 50 yards of open ground, with the sun shining brightly on the yellow cock feather of my white arrow.

He plowed into a patch of bush behind the other elephants, and Eric and Don and I regrouped on our side of the stream to discuss the effects of the shot, which both had witnessed as from front-row seats in the first balcony.

Shortly after, we recrossed the stream for about the eighth time that morning, and climbed up onto the high east side of the narrow little valley, with the stream winding back and forth in the bottom. One of our Africans was now pointing excitedly into the valley, so we hurried along the rim to a point where we could see the whole bunch of elephants now standing in the open, having passed just through the patch of bush. We could see our elephant standing quietly with blood streaming out of his upper right side, and, as we watched, he almost sat down—his back legs just seemed to give way. However, he pulled himself together, and as I was studying the possibility of getting down close to him again for another shot, he disappeared into the bush with the others.

He left the herd to die

We then went around a curve in the bank so we could watch the stream in case they crossed again. It was now 10:30 or so, and some three-quarters of an hour after the shot. We were all just waiting for something to happen, for there was no chance for him to slip past all the lookouts we had posted. Don and I were watching a very brilliant blue bird going in and out a hole in a tree when one of our Africans signaled from down the bank that something was going on. We ran to where he was, and could see our elephant walking very laboriously and all alone, which Eric figured meant he was mortally wounded and had left the herd to die. He seemed completely oblivious of us as he walked slowly under the embankment to which I had hurried in order to give him a final arrow. There were five of us all huddled together as he passed just 10 feet below us. He stopped and made a growling noise, but made no move for us. I sent four quick arrows into his back in order to finish him off quickly. The arrows, with one exception, all went in almost to the feathers, and a few seconds after the last one struck him he bellowed and then rocked crazily before crashing in a cloud of dust and broken branches to the ground.

We all scrambled down the bank to see him better and Don wanted to get final pictures on his movie camera. At this point the elephant scrambled to his feet, and as I turned to run down the path the elephant had been traveling on I could feel Don's camera hitting the back of my head. But I knew the animal was gone, so after running a few feet I looked around, and, seeing that he was not following, I started back to where he was. At this point I could hear Eric laughing and shouting at the same time. It seems the elephant had tried to reach up the bank with its trunk for Eric's foot, Eric all the time scrambling to get more altitude.

But the elephant was done in. He staggered around again in a dizzy pattern, and then crashed into the side of a large bush for the last time. We stood around him for a few seconds as he died, and all talked about the excitement of the last few moments. In spite of the basic tragedy of the moment there were many comic features, and we chose to dwell on these. When he finally stiffened out we cut off his tail, and all went home to lunch while the Africans cleared away the bush so we could photograph him.

On the way back to camp, Eric commented that though he had killed a thousand elephants, this was the first one he had ever seen that was worth $10,000 and would no doubt be the last one, too, so we spent a lot of time on the pictures and the post mortem, digging out the arrows to see what had happened.

So much for today. It has been very exciting—much like your first deer. I will be glad to get home and tell you all about it, though nothing much remains. I will write when I can. My love to all. Pop. END



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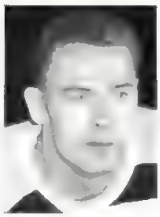
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SCOREBOARD

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Don Cardwell, fireballing Philadelphia rookie right-hander from Winston-Salem, N.C., made his first major league start one to remember, outpitching veteran Johnny Antonelli and shutting out New York Giants 5–0 with four singles.



Larry Regan, handsome 26-year-old Boston center who was ready to quit hockey last year but came along to score 33 points for Bruins, was named NHL's outstanding rookie for 1957, will receive Calder Memorial Trophy and $1,000.

RECORD BREAKERS

Bob Gutowski, slight-shouldered but wiry-armed 22-year-old Occidental College vaulter who has been nudging college record higher and higher in recent weeks, soared 15 feet $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches (*see page 28*) in dual meet with Stanford at Palo Alto to break Cornelius (Dutch) Warmerdam's 15-year-old world mark by half inch (April 27).

Bill Sharpe, jittery-legged West Chester State Teachers athlete and U.S. record holder at 52 feet 1 inch, skittered 51 feet $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches in seldom-seen hop, step and jump at Penn Relays for new college standard (April 27).

Missouri's rapid-gaited **John McIntyre, Karl Englund, Henry Wiebe** and **Charley Batch** hustled back and forth with greatest of speed, bouncing over timbers in 58.4 for U.S. record in 480-yard shuttle hurdle relay at Drake Relays in Des Moines (April 27).

Margaret Edward, 18-year-old British bronze medal winner at Melbourne, backstroked 220 yards up and down 55-yard salt water Derby Road Bath pool at Blackpool in 2:41.1 to set world long-course records for 200 meters and 220 yards (April 27).

Russian weightlifters huffed and puffed, stretched their bulging muscles to pair of world records in Soviet army championships at Lvov. Bantamweight Vladimir Stogov snatched 227.1 pounds to better American Charles Vinci's mark (April 26); Olympic Middleweight Champion Fyodor Bogdanovski hoisted 935 pounds to crack own standard set at Melbourne (April 27).

BOXING

Hogan Kid Bassey, shuck-moving Nigerian, suckered bettors who made him 3 to-1 underdog, overwhelming game Miguel Berrios with superior firepower and greater ring savvy at Washington, D.C. to earn 12-round decision and crack at No. 1 Contender Cherif Hamia for vacant world featherweight title (*see below*).

IBC, on ropes in antitrust fight, got little hope from government, which asked for dissolution of Jim Norris' sprawling empire in proposed judgment filed in New York. IBC countered with offer to give up all exclusive contracts with champions, but final decision rests with Federal Judge Sylvester J. Ryan, who will hold hearing on proposals May 20.

BASEBALL

Milwaukee Braves continued to set runaway pace in National League, adding home-run power (five by Joe Adcock, three by Henry Aaron) to top-drawer pitching in split with Chicago 9–4, 2–3, four straight over St. Louis 8–7, Cincinnati 9–2, 5–4, 3–2 for 9–1 record. Brooklyn stayed reasonably close until done in by Pittsburgh's Bob Purkey 7–1 and Bob Friend 3–0, trailed by two games at week's end.

Chicago held uneasy one-game lead in American League but were casting backward glances at onrushing Boston Red Sox, who ran off five in row before New York halted streak, and Yankees, who began getting long-range blasting from Mickey Mantle and Yogi Berra.

BOWLING

Jim Spalding, Louisville civil engineer whose pin-rattling set new all-events record of 2,088 on April 12, was handed title, $1,000, diamond gold belt buckle and trophy as 51-day ABC tournament ended at Fort Worth. Other champions: Bob Allen of Yonkers, N.Y., singles, with 729; Ronnie Jones and Joe Meszaros of Sterling, Ohio, doubles, with 1,369; Peter Hand's Reserve Beer of Chicago, open team title, with 3,126; Rea Cress of Junction City, Kans., booster team title, with 2,796.

CHESS

Vassily Smyslov, 36-year-old Russian double-dome who failed in 1954 challenge, this time executed his carefully planned maneuvers with perception, won six games, drew 13 to dethrone countryman Mikhail Botvinnik $12\frac{1}{2}$–$9\frac{1}{2}$ as world champion at Moscow (*see page 31*).

HORSE RACING

Pibe Carlitos, Argentine-bred 4-year-old colt in as late starter, came up with rush when urged by Ray York, stormed home first in $115,000 William P. Kyne Memorial Handicap at Bay Meadows for hefty 34 to 1 payoff.

Ned's Flying, bought for mere pittance ($50) eight years ago by Mrs. C. Paul Deneka of Berwyn, Pa., nimbly maintained his balance while two of six starters tumbled over jumps, held on to edge Gold Tar in last of Maryland's triple timber classics at Butler. Enthused Trainer William D. Thomas: "A greater thrill than winning the Kentucky Derby."

GOLF

Bill Casper Jr., youthful Bonita, Calif. pro with bulging middle, boomed into lead in second round, stayed there with help of accurate putter to post 277 (for 72 holes) to win Kentucky Derby Open and $4,300 at Louisville.

LACROSSE

Maryland's free-swinging huskies had their hands full with hard-checking Navy at Annapolis but edged Middies 5–4 on Bob Nolker's fourth-period goal to take giant step toward third straight college title.

St. Paul's School played part of rude host at Baltimore, stomping all over Sewanhaka H.S. 9–2 to put end to 91-game winning streak of Floral Park, L.I. school.

TRACK AND FIELD

Ron Delany and **Charlie Jenkins** pulled Villanova to breathless 3:12.7 mile relay victory over Texas, helped Wildcats to triumphs in

FOCUS ON THE DEED



ARTFUL Hogan Bassey (*right*) steps inside left by Miguel Berrios and starts one of his own on the way at Washington, D.C.



WATCHFUL Crip, one of three whooping cranes in captivity, stands guard over two eggs laid by mate at New Orleans zoo.



GRACEFUL Lea Pericoli of Italy displays her best form as she slams one back in a tennis tournament at Monte Carlo.



John Charles, 25, rugged Welshman whose skill has made him one of Britain's top soccer stars, has shifted his talents to Juventus of Turin, Italy, after reported payment of $154,000 to Leeds United and $28,000 "signing on" fee.



Bill Campbell, personable 33-year-old insurance man and former Walker Cup captain (in 1955), parlayed superb chipping and deadly putting into 3 and 2 victory over Hillman Robbins in North-South Amateur at Pinehurst, N.C.

sprint medley and distance medley at Penn Relays in Philadelphia *see page 38*. Top individual performer: Indiana's muscular Greg Bell, who leaped 26 feet 1½ inches to win broad jump; took hundred in 9.7; anchored Hoosiers to second in 880, third in 440 behind Texas.

Bobby Morrow, Abilene Christian's speed-gifted thinclad, whipped up biggest storm at Drake Relays in Des Moines *see page 28*, leaving Western Michigan's Ira Murchison six feet behind in 9.4 hundred and teaming up with Waymond Griggs, Bill Woodhouse and Jim Segrest to win 440 in 40.5, half-mile in 1:24.2. Added fillip: onetime Iowan Ted Wheeler overhauled Laszlo Tabori in stretch, outkicked Hungarian in 4:06.9 mile.

AUTO RACING

Walt Hansgen, 34-year-old Westfield, N.J. sports car dealer, pushed Briggs Cunningham's powerful 3.8-liter D-Jaguar at 75.41 mph average to win 15-mile feature at spanking new Lime Rock, Conn. 1½-mile track *(see page 44)* but not before daring young (21) newcomer Bruce Kessler of Beverly Hills, in smaller and more maneuverable 2-liter Ferrari Testa Rossa, gave him exciting tussle.

MILEPOSTS

DIED—**Billy Woods,** 18, fast-scooting Waterbury, Vt. skier, national junior and senior champion in 1956, recently named to U.S. Alpine team for world championships in Austria next winter, one of America's brightest Olympic hopes, in auto crash, at Colbyville, Vt.

DIED—**Lou Brero Sr.,** 52, stocky Arcata, Calif. lumber dealer, hard-driving auto racer who wheeled home fourth at Sebring this year; of severe burns, after borrowed Maserati-Chevrolet caught fire during Hawaii Speed Week race, at Honolulu.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING
PAUL GOLDSMITH St Claire Shores Mich., 100-m. NASCAR Grand Natl., in 1957 Ford, Greensboro, N C

BOATING
PRINCETON over Penn and Columbia for Childs Cup, in 8 56 for 1½ miles, Princeton, N J
HARVARD, over Syracuse, MIT and Boston U., in 8 48 4 for 1¼ miles, Cambridge Mass.

BOXING
YVON DURELLE 10-round decision over Angelo Defendis light heavyweights, New York
RALPH (TIGER) JONES and JOE GRAY, 10-round draw middleweights, Flint, Mich
DEL FLANAGAN 10-round decision over Kid Gavilan, welterweights, St Paul
IKE CHESTNUT 10-round split decision over Lauro Salas featherweights, Los Angeles

GOLF
PATTY BERG, St. Andrews, Ill., Women's Western Open with 291 for 72 holes, Montgomery Ala

HORSE RACING
ROUND TABLE $31,000 Blue Grass St., 1⅛ m., by 6 lengths, in 1 47⅘, Keeneland, Ralph Neves up
CEDRUS $29,475 Laurel H., 1⅛ m., by head, in 1 43⅘, Laurel Joe Culmone up.
MIDAFTERNOON $28,800 Excelsior H 1⅛ m., by ¾ length, in 1 43⅕, Jamaica Eddie Arcaro up.

SHOOTING
(Pan American Intl skeet championships Dallas)
BOB RATH, Winnetka, Ill., men's over-all title, with 491 x 500.
JUDY ALLEN, Oakland, Calif., women's over-all, pro, 20-gauge, all-gauge titles

SOCCER
MEXICO, over U.S., 7-2, World Soccer Cup elimination, Long Beach, Calif

TENNIS
KEN ROSEWALL over Pancho Gonzales, 4 matches to 0; Gonzales leads World Pro Tour, 39-20
(Davis Cup, European Zone, first round)
Czech 4 Switzerland 1 — N. Zealand 5—Lebanon 0
Holland 3 Norway 0 — Poland 3 -Luxembourg 0
Mexico 5 Yugoslavia 0 — S. Africa 4—Spain 0
(American Zone, first round)
Venezuela 3 Cuba 2
(Eastern Zone first round)
Japan 3 Ceylon 0 — Philippines 3—India 2



LADIES DAY IN GERMANY finds eager-beaver female booters as determined as any male in first game between women at Frankfurt. East Netherlands Goalie Maanen moves in to snatch ball off foot of West Germany's Quast in game won by Dutch team, 6-1.

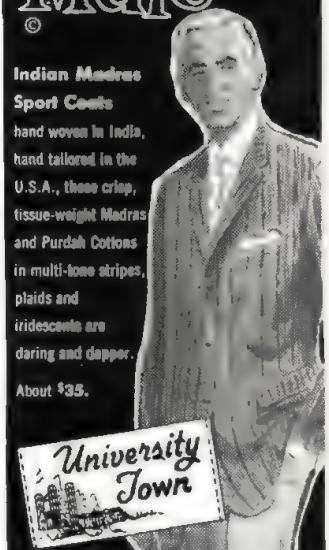
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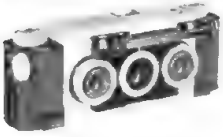
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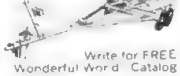
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BASEBALL X-RAY



LOU SKIZAS

Athletics second year right fielder got off to fast start as AL home run leader.



ROGER MARIS

Indians left fielder topped AL rookies in batting (.325), home runs (3) and RBIs (9).



RENO BERTOIA

Tigers ex-bonus baby led AL at .440 and was best Detroit hitter for week.



ED BOUCHEE

Phillies first baseman led his team and NL rookies with .314 batting average.



DAVE SISLER

Red Sox sophomore pitcher paced staff with 2-0 mark. Both wins were over Yanks.



BOB LEMON

Indian veteran trailed AL pitchers with worst ERA and no games completed.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (4-21 – 4-27)

			Season	Homers This Week
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Boston	6-1	.857	7-3	4
Baltimore	4-2	.667	5-5	4
Chicago	5-2	.700	6-2	5
Kansas City	4-3	.571	6-5	12
Cleveland	3-3	.500	4-5	4
Detroit	2-4	.333	3-7	4
New York	2-4	.333	5-4	9
Washington	1-6	.143	3-8	2
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Milwaukee	5-1	.833	8-1	12
Brooklyn	4-2	.667	7-2	3
Cincinnati	4-3	.571	4-6	7
New York	4-3	.571	4-5	7
Philadelphia	3-3	.500	4-5	5
Chicago	2-4	.333	3-5	6
Pittsburgh	2-5	.286	3-7	6
St. Louis	1-4	.200	2-5	5

TEAM LEADERS

	Batting – Week		Batting – Season		Homers – Season		Pitching – Season	
AMERICAN LEAGUE								
Boston	Williams	.545	Williams	.400	Williams	5	Sparn	2-0
Baltimore	Boyd	.421	Kell	.381	5 Tied	1	Fornieles	1-0
Chicago	Fox	.381	Fox	.417	Doerr	4	Harshman	3-0
Kansas City	Simpson	.444	Simpson	.414	Souza	5	Shantz	1-0
Cleveland	Wertz	.417	Wertz	.375	Wynn		Score	1-1
Detroit	Bertoia	.417	Bertoia	.440	Tuttle	2	3 tied with	1-1
New York	Sievers	.391	Mantle	.355	Sievers	3	Ford	1-0
Washington	Snyder	.385	Snyder	.346	Kuzava	4	Pascual	1-0
NATIONAL LEAGUE								
Milwaukee	Adcock	.476	Adcock	.407	Adcock	5	Spahn	3-0
Brooklyn	Hodges	.381	Gilliam	.355	Snider	3	5 Tied with	1-0
Cincinnati	Robinson	.409	Bailey	.393	Crowe	3	Hacker	1-0
							Nuxhall	1-0
New York	Virgil	.375	Mays	.351	Sauer	4	Gomez	3-0
Philadelphia	Repulski	.417	Boucher	.314	Daley	2	3 tied with	1-0
Chicago	Fondy	.333	Fondy	.324	Speake	2	Littlefield	1-0
					Seminick	2	Collum	1-0
Pittsburgh	Groat	.407	Groat	.333	Thomas	3	Purkey	2-0
St. Louis	Musial	.524	Musial	.346	Minoso	2	Jones	1-0
					Ennis	2	Wehmeier	1-0

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to April 27)

	BEST	WORST
Batting (AL)	Bertoia, Det .440	Graff, KC .116
Batting (NL)	Musial, St L .536	McMillan, Cin .042
Home run hitters (AL)	Skizas, KC 5 (1 per 8 AB)	Gardner, Balt 0 (per 47 AB)
Home run hitters (NL)	Adcock, Mil 5 (1 per 6 AB)	Bell, Cin 0 (per 44 AB)
Pitching (AL)	5 tied with 2-0	Stobbs, Wash 0-3
Pitching (NL)	Spahn, Mil 3-0	Kline, Pitt 0-3
	Gomez, NY 3-0	Klippstein, Cin 0-3
		Roberts, Phil 0-3
ERA (AL)	Score, Clev 0.93	Lemon, Clev 8.36
ERA (NL)	Spahn, Mil 1.33	Rush, Chi 8.18
	Gomez, NY 1.33	
Complete Games (AL)	Score, Clev 3 (in 3 starts)	Brewer, Bos 0 Lemon, Clev 0 (in 3 starts)
Complete Games (NL)	Burdette, Mil 3 Gomez, NY 3 Spahn, Mil 3 (in 3 starts)	Kline, Pitt 0 Klippstein, Cin 0 (in 3 starts)
Team HR (AL)	Kansas City 18	3 tied with 5
Team HR (NL)	Milwaukee 15	Chicago 6
Team runs (AL)	Kansas City 58	Cleveland 30
Team runs (NL)	Cincinnati 46 Milwaukee 46	Chicago 34
Team hits (AL)	Baltimore 103	Cleveland 69
Team hits (NL)	Cincinnati 87	Chicago 67

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammate Batted In	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Sievers, Wash (.356)	8	11	19
Mauch, Bos (.381)	7	10	17
Williams, Bos (.400)	10	4	14
Simpson, KC (.364)	9	5	14
Lopez, KC (.333)	9	5	14
Yost, Wash (.275)	9	5	14
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Mays, NY (.351)	12	7	19
Adcock, Mil (.367)	8	6	14
Aaron, Mil (.316)	11	3	14
Boucher, Phil (.314)	8	6	14
Sauer, NY (.282)	5	9	14

THE ROOKIES

	AMERICAN LEAGUE	NATIONAL LEAGUE
Batting	Maris, Clev .325	Bouchee, Phil .314
Home Runs	Maris, Clev 3	Neeman, Chi 2
RBIs	Maris, Clev 9	Bouchee, Phil 7
Pitching	Hyde, Wash 1-2	4 tied with 1-0

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR



SO [illegible] **SC** [illegible] **C** clear water; **D** water dirty or roily; **M** [illegible] **N** [illegible] **SH** [illegible] **H** [illegible] **VH** [illegible] high; **L**—low; **R** rising; **F** falling. **WT50** [illegible] **FG** [illegible] **FP** [illegible] **OVG** [illegible] **OG** [illegible] **OP** [illegible]

TROUT: [illegible] although salmon fry not showing well as yet. **FG** [illegible] **FF** [illegible] **OG.**

PENNSYLVANIA: [illegible] **N. WT50-55** [illegible] **OG. OVG** [illegible] **FVG** [illegible] streams still **SH** but tributaries dandy.

ONTARIO: **SO** May 1 in most districts for brownies with water **VL; OVG.** Some lakes [illegible] and north still iced, but all lakes in Algon[illegible] **WT48-52**

WASHINGTON: Bellingham correspondent re[illegible] sweating for cagey rainbows. **FG** in eastern [illegible] fine to fast-trolled small spoons and plugs [illegible]

CALIFORNIA: [illegible] **FG** [illegible]

NEW YORK: [illegible] **SD** but sidestreams **C, WT40-44.** Fish respond[illegible] **FG** [illegible] **VL** [illegible] **W156-62** [illegible] **N, WT46-52** [illegible] and rainbows to five pounds biting there.

WISCONSIN: Brule booster reports **OVG**, water **N, C, WT52-56** [illegible] General **SO** May 1.

OREGON: **SO** April 27 found fish cooperative from coastal cutthroat waters on inland where brownies and rainbows took over. Water **L** and **C**, **OVG.** Hatches are in evidence and trout feeding. Bait, spin fishing and trolling all taking fish. Detroit Reservoir promises to be hot spot for early-season anglers.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: Brook trout **SO** April 22 and **FG** [illegible] **FP** [illegible] through timber. Ban will lift when rain comes. **OG.** [illegible]

NOVA SCOTIA: **FG** [illegible] eastern Halifax. Mersey River and lakes of [illegible] **FF** [illegible] **H** and **D. OG.** [illegible]

MINNESOTA: **FG** [illegible] ter **N** and **C. OG.** Backwoods lakes at Grand [illegible] be accomplished, but cold nights keep it in [illegible]

MICHIGAN: **FP F**, water **H, C** [illegible] **OG** [illegible] such as Pere Marquette, Boardman, Betsy report **FF**, water **H, C** [illegible] **OG. FG** [illegible] **N, C.**

KINGFISH: FLORIDA: **FVG** [illegible] **OVG.**

CHANNEL BASS: SOUTH CAROLINA: Surf [illegible] with catches to 30 pounds.

NORTH CAROLINA: [illegible] **OVG** [illegible] spoons at Oregon Inlet, Hatteras Inlet from point of beach at Drum Inlet.

LANDLOCKED SALMON: NEW HAMPSHIRE: [illegible] ests. With smelt run at general peak, **FG** at [illegible] beginning to take hold.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: [illegible] **FVG** [illegible] **OG.**

BLUEFISH: NEW JERSEY: First fish of year [illegible] on Great Bay.

NORTH CAROLINA: [illegible] a quarter becoming plentiful in surf of Outer Banks. Anglers taking them near outer tip of [illegible] pounds.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

5—Richard Meek. 16, 17 [illegible] 18 [illegible] 19—drawings by [illegible] 25 [illegible] 27 [illegible] 28 [illegible] 29 [illegible] 31, 32—drawings by [illegible] 34—Don Redinger, Owen Johnson-Houston Post. 35, 36 [illegible] 40 [illegible] 41 [illegible] 42 [illegible] 44, 45 [illegible] 46 [illegible] 47 [illegible] 48 [illegible] 49—Richard Meek. 54, 55—John G. Zimmerman. 65—Richard Meek. 66—Culver Service. 67, 70—Wide [illegible] 72 [illegible] 76 [illegible] 78 [illegible]



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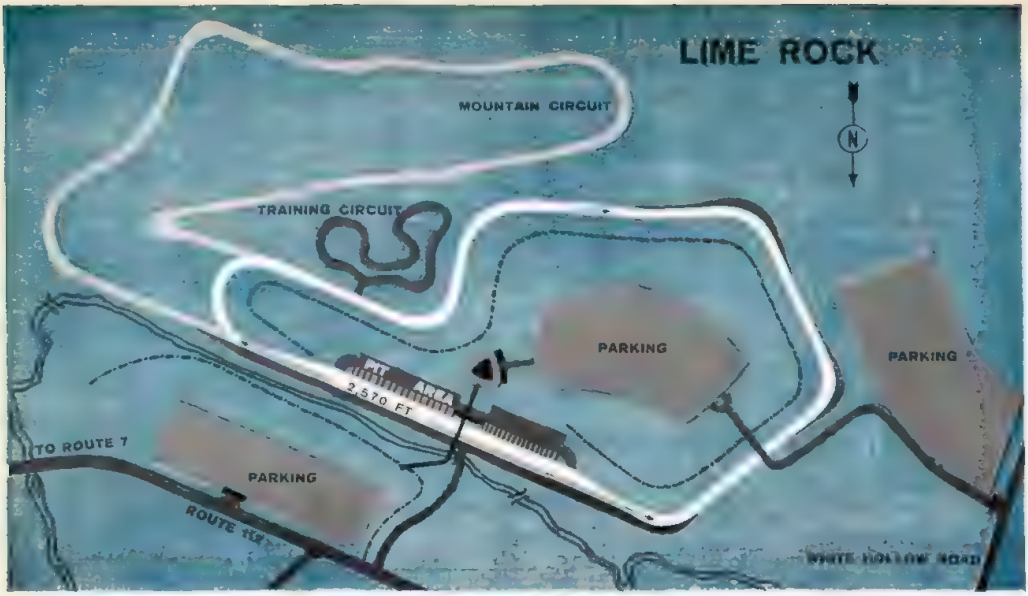
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ULTRAMODERN IN CONCEPTION, LIME ROCK NOW HAS A 1½-MILE COURSE, TO BE DOUBLED IN LENGTH ON COMPLETION OF MOUNTAIN CIRCUIT

CURLICUES ARE IN

OPTIMISM in the future of U.S. sports car racing is busting out all over. The nation is prosperous, the sale of sports cars is brisker than ever and, especially in the East, the spring song of the bulldozer has seemed more melodious to road racers than the chirp of the hermit thrush.

With the meaty part of another Sports Car Club of America racing season just around the corner, some of the most exciting bulldozing is going on at Lime Rock, Conn. and Bridgehampton, Long Island, whose new road courses are diagramed above. Danville, Va., Thompson, Conn. and Marlboro, Md. have courses in progress, and still others are blueprinted or actually taking shape at Savannah, Ga., Riverside, Calif. and San Francisco.

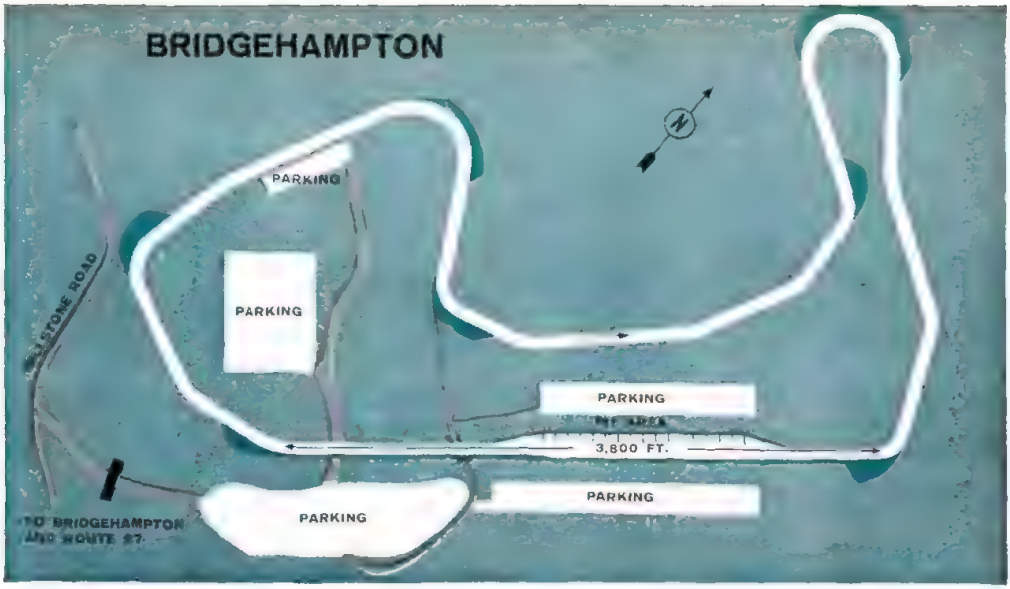
By midsummer the old dependence on airport courses—at best stop-gap substitutes for true road racing—will have substantially ended. The new circuits, added to the superb Road America layout at Elkhart Lake, Wis., the refurbished Watkins Glen, N.Y. course and a few others which utilize natural terrain, are tangible expressions of the runaway confidence which has carried off the loyal adherents to this sport.

Sports cars are designed to race on roads. For flat-out speed tests the airports are good enough, but to test the agility and versatility which distinguishes sports cars, the hills and corners of a road course in a natural setting are infinitely superior. Not only that, but the drivers prefer the roads, and so do spectators.

So far the sport has not needed a consistent supply of big names to survive in the U.S., and this has been one of its strengths, for the cars themselves have carried the load of providing spectacle and thrill. Not that big names would not increase attendance, but there are few American drivers with big reputations—such as Carroll Shelby, Phil Hill and Masten Gregory—and these may be expected to bypass many big events in the U.S. in favor of choice European races, in which prize money can be accepted without prejudicing amateur standing at home. Since amateur racing is the bone and sinew of sports car competition in the U.S., promoters must continue to count on the band of part-time drivers who go from office and shop to the race course (at a considerable financial loss), and on the growing body of fans, many of whom drive the same kind of cars they see at the races. The course builders are betting a lot of costly pavement that the boom is really just beginning.

Among the new courses, Lime Rock, in northwest Connecticut, is the most ambitiously conceived. When it opened last week for an inaugural program of regional SCCA races, only the basic 1½-mile main track was used, but this will be extended eventually to include a 1½-mile "mountain" circuit whose highest point will be a lofty 200 feet above the lowest.

When completed, Lime Rock is to have luxuries undreamed of by today's footsore racing fans, who normally expect access roads, public address reports and toilet facilities, among other things, to be sadly inadequate. Planned



BUILT NEAR THE TIP OF LONG ISLAND, BRIDGEHAMPTON IS A FAST 3.1-MILE CIRCUIT WITH ONE LONG STRAIGHTAWAY AND SWEEPING BENDS

BLOOM

New sports car race tracks like those at Lime Rock and Bridgehampton are springing up everywhere—a symptom of the big boom in amateur auto racing

by KENNETH RUDEEN

by the distinguished industrial designer Raymond Loewy, in cooperation with Racing Driver John Fitch, Lime Rock is essentially a scientifically engineered race course and test ground, but it will have, in time, a clubhouse and restaurant, a television broadcasting booth and—*mirabile dictu*—a train to haul peripatetic spectators from one vantage point in the infield to another.

The asphalt pavement of the present track is laid over 2½-feet of gravel and is 28 to 40 feet wide. The corners are gently banked. Only 100 miles from Manhattan and 140 miles from Boston, Lime Rock is in a position to tap great population centers; just to be prepared, the owners are planning to provide parking for 30,000 cars. National SCCA races will be held June 8 and 9.

Unlike Lime Rock, which is virgin racing territory, Bridgehampton knew auto racing on public roads from 1915 to 1920 and from 1949 to 1953. Now a private course is under construction—a 3.1-mile circuit out where Long Island dips its toe into the Atlantic, 125 miles from Manhattan. The black-top pavement will be 27 feet wide, with 6-foot hard-packed shoulders. There will be parking for 10,000 cars and space for more than 50,000 spectators. The course should be ready for a regional SCCA meeting in June or July; the big weekend will be a national competition September 28 and 29.

A course from which much is eventually expected is the 3¼-mile Virginia International Raceway, near Danville. An SCCA national event scheduled for this weekend was put off until midsummer after heavy spring rains delayed the construction.

A Greensboro, N.C. group expects to put $500,000 into the track, which was outlined not from blueprints but by on-the-spot judgment.

"It was a case of saying, 'Bulldozer go here, bulldozer go there,' " an official commented.

Meanwhile, another major course has been in preparation very quietly at Thompson, in the northeast corner of Connecticut. One of the busiest sports car courses in the East in its recent 1½-mile form, Thompson is anticipating no slump with a new and interesting-looking 2.3-mile circuit which incorporates part of the old backstretch. The asphalt pavement is 27 feet wide, and there are seven tight turns plus a four-tenths-mile high-speed pit stretch.

It isn't just in the new circuits, of course, that the boom is showing. Membership in the SCCA, the principal organization for sports car racing, is 8,500, up 2,000 from the total at this time last year, with an increase to 9,500 expected by the end of 1957. Foreign car sales doubled in 1956 over 1955, jumping to 100,000; exporters expect to double *that* figure this year. European prospects for dollar sales following U.S. racing success are, naturally, inspiriting the actual race competition. Jaguar, for example, has begun building the XK SS model specifically for the American market, and we may expect a major effort by Maserati this year. Corvettes will again uphold the U.S. end of it.

The cars are here; the courses are coming apace. END



"RHONDA'S" RUGGED STEEL BOW PLOWS THROUGH CHOPPY WATER IN SPEED RUN OFF MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

FLOATING FANTASY

As powerful as a small steamer and loaded with luxury gear, the 'Rhonda III' was tailored to the tastes of Shipbuilding Executive Robert I. Ingalls Jr.

by EZRA BOWEN

THE RUGGED steel yacht *Rhonda III*, whose gleaming interior is pictured at right and on the following pages, is the kind of boat you might build if you owned the third largest shipyard in the United States and could, therefore, have your own men make you just about anything you wanted in the way of a luxury vessel. Obviously, this is an opportunity that comes to very few people. But it did come to Robert I. Ingalls Jr., of Birmingham, Ala., who owns 90% of the stock in Ingalls Shipbuilding Corp., and who has been "thinking about a yacht since I was about 15, 16 years old."

"My first idea in this boat," said Ingalls, "was to have all the comforts of a small home afloat. I wanted a dining salon separated from the main lounge. I sometimes have 25 people for cocktails, 30 for a buffet, and I knew I was going to want a lot of room. Then I wanted a completely separated afterdeck; I wanted wall-to-wall carpeting, and air-conditioning all through the boat. And I had to have six feet five inches of headroom all over. I'm 6-foot-4, and I didn't want to be cracking my head all the time. I jotted down all my ideas, and I took them to M. Rosenblatt & Son up in New York."

Rosenblatt & Son are naval architects and marine engineers who have built their reputation primarily in ship and small craft design for the Navy, but have also done some fine work on civilian yachts. The elder Rosenblatt took a quick glance through Ingalls' sketches and said, "Look, you'll have to junk these. You don't want a boat. What you want is a small ocean liner."

Then the Rosenblatts set about tailoring a ship to Ingalls' exacting tastes. "This was a question," said the younger Rosenblatt, "of taking a 6-foot 4-inch man in space and designing a boat around him." The boat that the Rosenblatts designed, after some 14,000 man hours of drawing and erasing, was 95 feet 10 inches long, 20 feet

text continued on page 49



DINING SALON is richly decorated with upholstered rosewood chairs, mahogany dining table and buffet, original Montague Dawson painting on wall. Open door at right leads into pantry area.

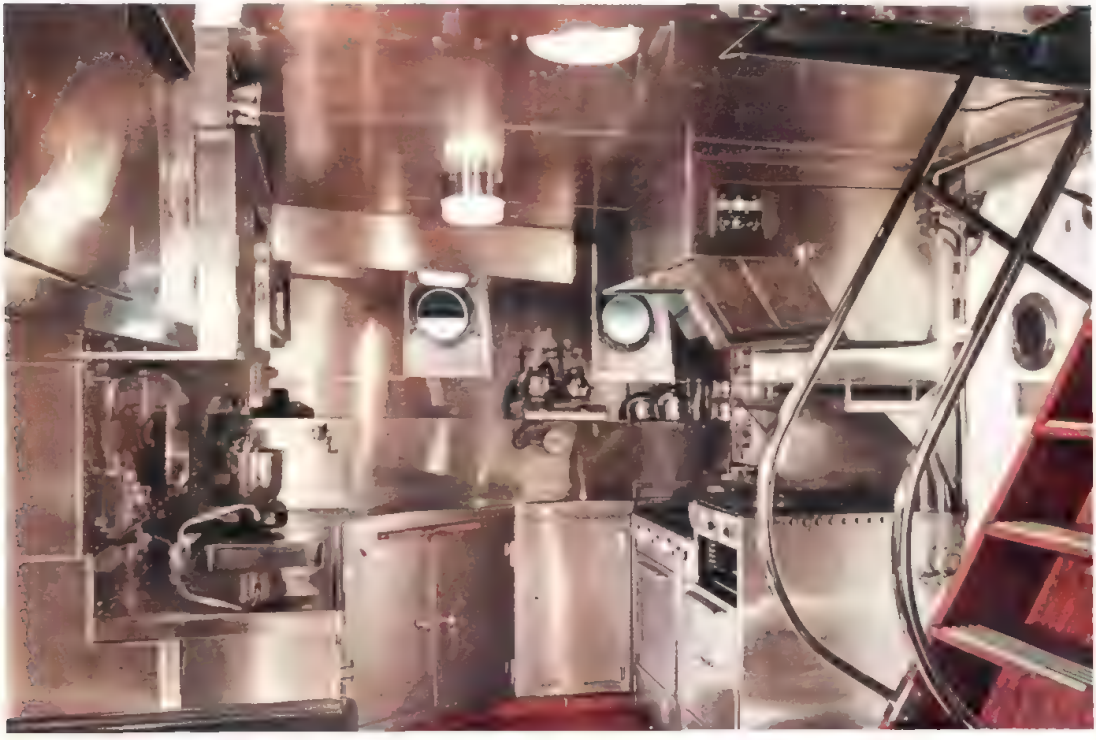
MAIN SALON *(below)* measures 18 feet 6 inches by 14 feet 3 inches, has handmade India carpet, TV and hi-fi set with phonograph on gimbals. Passageway *(right)* connects with dining salon.





PILOT HOUSE [illegible] on control panel, and on starboard [illegible] Navigator plot table [illegible] with [illegible] and master controls at other side, [illegible] at right.

GALLEY [illegible] of stainless steel [illegible] refrigerator space. Gas [illegible] burners and two [illegible] leading upward into pantry.



'RHONDA'

continued from page 46

10 inches in the beam, and 5 feet 10 inches draft. The engines agreed upon were two beefy, 490-hp Superior diesels that could push the tremendous weight—roughly 150 tons—which had to be packed into a 90-foot 6 5 8-inch waterline.

With plans in hand, Ingalls got on the phone to find the materials he wanted. "I talked with the president of the U.S. Steel branch in Birmingham," he said. "They made me a special rolling of 3 16 Cor-Ten steel for the hull. Then the Carrier Corporation worked for several months and produced two special, five-ton air-conditioning units. And I got ahold of some



BOB INGALLS JR., head of one of the biggest shipbuilding company in U.S., spends two and a half months each year cruising Gulf Coast and Bahamas aboard *Rhonda III*

of the electronic people to make a TV-hi-fi unit that will play continuously for 10 hours."

With this kind of help and planning, *Rhonda* could hardly miss; and when she was completed in January of 1955, she was one of the finest yachts built in the U.S. in the past 15 years. Her insides, as these pictures show, are the ultimate in seagoing luxury. Her sailing characteristics are excellent—good stability from the broad bottom and a bow that throws the water well. Her two big engines give her a cruising speed of 12½ knots and a top speed of 14. Five thousand-gallon fuel tanks let her cruise 2,500 miles without refueling. But best of all, she is a pretty boat with no feeling of stubbiness or overcrowding. She is, in short, everything that Bob Ingalls was hoping for when he ordered a yacht.

Now turn the page for detailed drawings of "Rhonda's" interior

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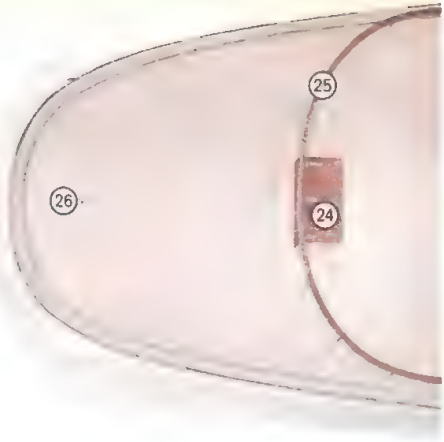
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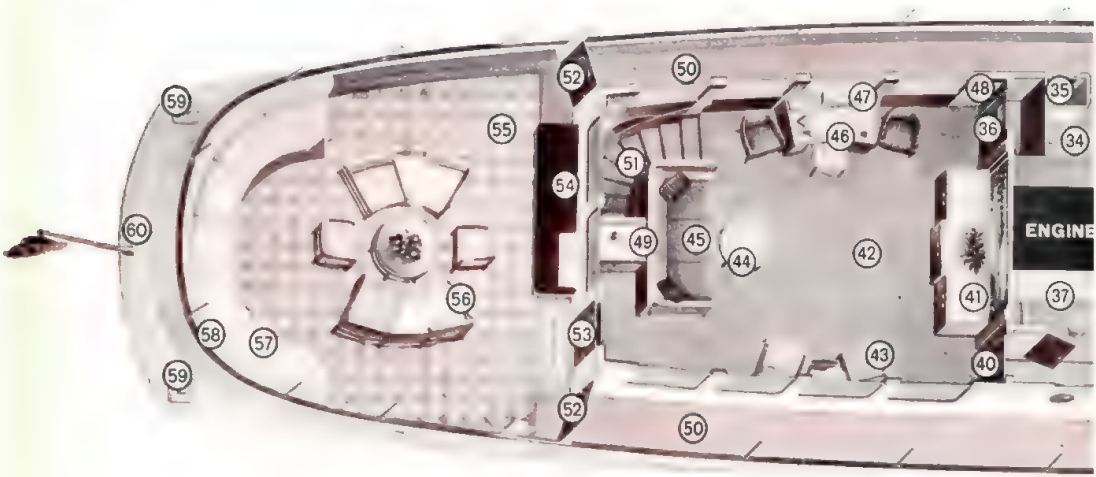
BOAT DECK AND PILOT HOUSE

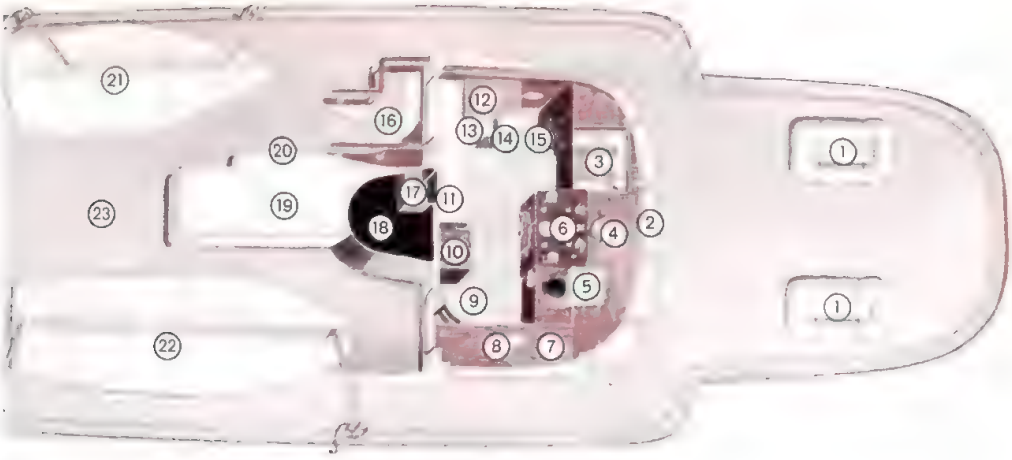


1 Six man balsa life raft
2 Shatterproof windows
3 Chart table
4 Binnacle
5 Radarscope
6 Control console
7 Mahogany shelf over passageway
8 Transoceanic portable radio
9 Chair
10 85-watt radiotelephone
11 Settee (engine room hatch beneath)
12 Locker for four 35-gal. gas drums
13 Pitometer (speed, distance indicator)
14 Electro-acoustic Fathometer
15 Stairway to main deck
16 Stairway to main deck
17 Air supply fan for engine room
18 Stack
19 Air-conditioning unit
20 Air-conditioning ducts
21 Fiberglas sailing dinghy
22 Fiberglas owner's launch
23 Boat deck
24 Deck box with cleaning gear
25 Teak handrail
26 Stern light

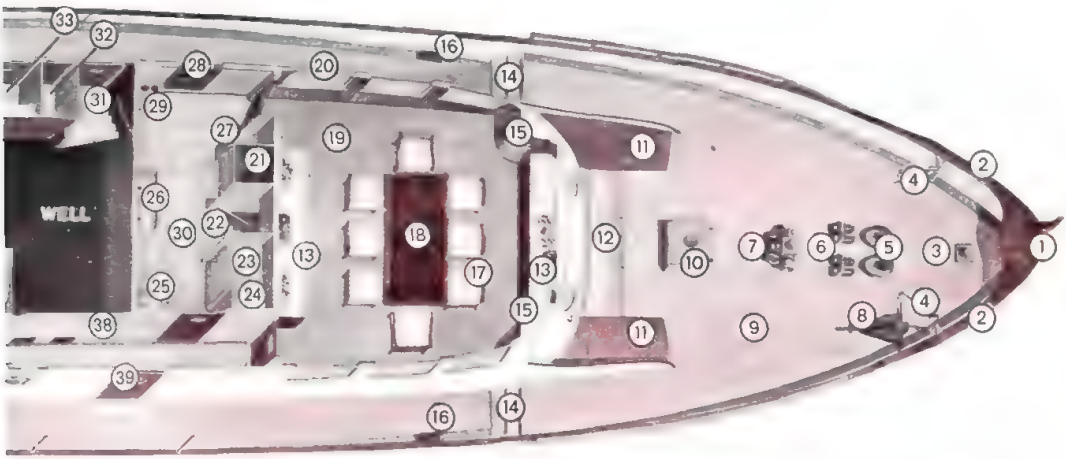
CUTAWAY VIEW OF MAIN DECK

1 Jackstaff
2 Bowline chocks
3 Bowline bitt
4 Anchor davits with electric winches
5 Hawse pipes
6 Chain stoppers
7 Windlass
8 Auxiliary anchor
9 Teak forecastle deck
10 Steel hatch to crews' quarters
11 Deck boxes (butane gas tanks and firefighting gear inside)
12 Foam rubber settee with removable cushions
13 Formica-topped mahogany buffet
14 Steps to forecastle deck
15 Air-conditioning and heating ducts
16 Spring line cleats
17 Upholstered rosewood dining room chairs
18 Mahogany dining table
19 Wall-to-wall carpet
20 Window
21 Dumbwaiter to galley
22 Stairway to galley and crews' quarters
23 Seven-cubic-foot refrigerator
24 Cleaning gear locker
25 Hot plates
26 Sink and counter
27 Dresser
28 Door and screen door (pantry to main deck)

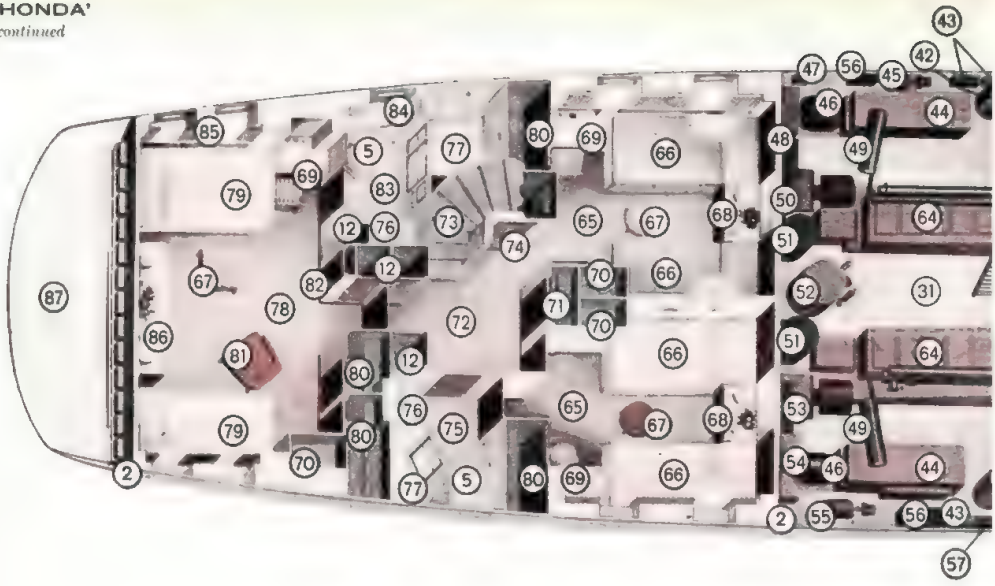




29 Cocktail bar
30 Pantry
31 Stairway to pilot house
32 Gas lockers (four 35 gal. butane gas tanks)
33 Entrance to engine room ladder
34 Stairway to boat deck
35 Doorway to liquor storage
36 Door to raingear locker
37 Deck toilet
38 Lighting switch control and rectifier lockers
39 Door and screen door (main passage to main deck)
40 Door to main passage
41 TV-hi-fi console
42 Wall-to-wall India carpet
43 Easy chair
44 Coffee table
45 Convertible sofa bed
46 Writing desk
47 Lamp
48 Fire retardant curtain
49 Bar
50 Teak main deck
51 Aluminum stairway to guests' and owner's quarters
52 Open-deck doors
53 Door and screen door (main salon to afterdeck)
54 Afterdeck box and serving bar
55 Afterdeck with hemp matting
56 Rattan lounge chairs
57 Foam rubber settee
58 Teak handrail
59 Stern line bitts
60 Jackstaff

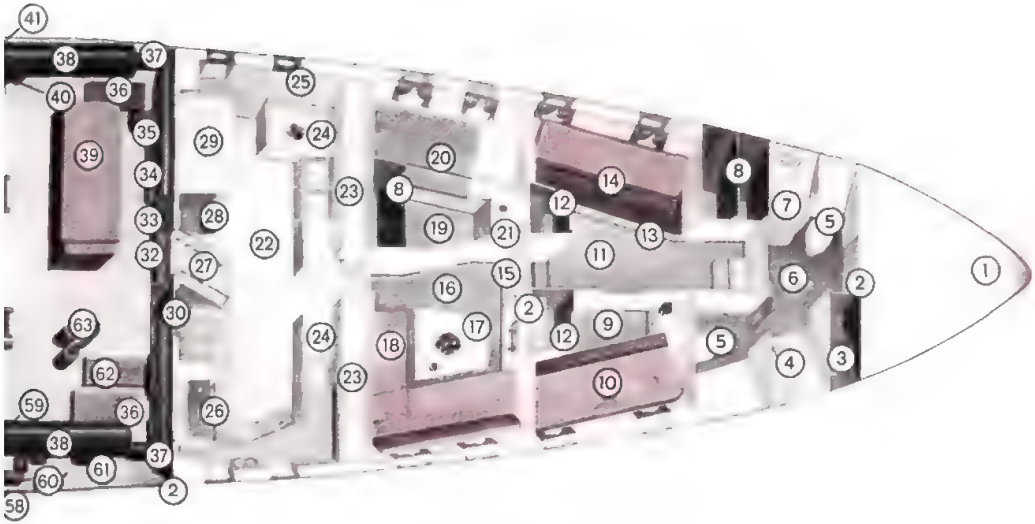


Turn page for more "Rhonda"



CABIN DECK AND ENGINE ROOM

1 Forepeak (storage for bumpers, fenders, lines, etc.)
2 Watertight steel bulkhead
3 Locker
4 Washbasin
5 Head
6 Crew's washroom
7 Crew's shower
8 Hanging lockers
9 Captain's and chief engineer's quarters
10 Two berths (28 inches by 74 inches each)
11 Crew's quarters
12 Locker
13 Transom berth (28 inches by 74 inches)
14 Two pipe berths (28 inches by 74 inches)
15 Watertight door
16 Crew's mess
17 Mess table
18 Messroom seats (electrical equipment beneath)
19 Cook's and steward's stateroom
20 Two bunks (28 inches by 74 inches)
21 Dresser
22 Galley
23 Dish and condiment lockers
24 Sink and sideboard
25 Air port
26 Galley range (six burners, two ovens)
27 Ladder to pantry
28 Dumbwaiter to pantry
29 36-cubic-foot refrigerator and freezing compartment
30 Door to engine room
31 Engine room
32 12-circuit power panel
33 12-circuit lighting panel
34 Air-conditioning condensor
35 Starting air compressor
36 Five-ton air-conditioning compressor
37 Hand tank for refrigeration fluid
38 Starting air tank for engines
39 Main switchboard
40 Sea-water strainer for port main engine, generator
41 Fresh-water pressure pump
42 Fresh-water pressure tank
43 Sump pump controllers
44 56-hp 30-kw diesel generator
45 Fresh-water transfer pump
46 Generator
47 Fresh-water transfer pump controller
48 Starting box controls for motor generators
49 Exhaust for main engine
50 Controls for water-heating circulating system
51 Lube oil filter for main engines
52 Heating boiler for air-conditioning, hot water
53 Main battery charging panel
54 Main battery charging panel resistor
55 Fuel oil transfer pump (main engines)
56 Diesel generator lube oil tank
57 Salt-water pressure system controller
58 Salt water pressure tank
59 Salt-water pressure pump
60 Bilge and general service pump controller
61 Bilge and general service pump
62 Work bench
63 CO_2 cylinders for fire fighting
64 490-hp Superior diesel



65 Starboard and port guest staterooms
66 Guest bed (37 inches by 75 inches)
67 Hassock
68 Chest of drawers and mirror
69 Vanity table and chair
70 Chest of drawers
71 Linen locker
72 Lobby
73 Aluminum stairway to main salon
74 Doorway to steward's cleaning gear locker
75 Guest bathroom
76 Sink
77 Shower
78 Owner's stateroom
79 Bed (39 inches by 79 inches)
80 Wardrobe
81 Armchair
82 Folding ironing board
83 Owner's bathroom
84 Tissue and toiletry locker
85 Fire-retardant curtain
86 Chest of drawers
87 Battery lazarette (30 Exide storage batteries)



"RHONDA'S" THREE DECKS have been kept trim and free from throughout, are subtly tapered fore and aft to give boat streamlined look. Designed for 14-knot top speed, *Rhonda* has maximum cruising radius of 2,500 miles at an average speed of 8½ knots, gets good seagoing stability from her 20-foot 10-inch beam despite shallow-draft keel which allows her to cruise Inland Waterway.

THE SAD SONG OF BOBBY

Manager Bobby Bragan constantly sings the praises of his youthful Pittsburgh Pirates, but actually his heart is heavy. The trouble is, the youthful Pittsburgh Pirates can't hit

by ROBERT CREAMER



BRAGAN CLOWNED IN MINORS BUT IS A SERIOUS MANAGER WITH PIRATES

SOME baseball teams become famous for collecting great pitchers, like the Cleveland Indians. Others seem to develop home run hitters in clusters; the Cincinnati Redlegs, for instance. Some come up with hordes of daring, dashing base runners, as the St. Louis Cardinals did a decade or two back.

The Pittsburgh Pirates collect one-syllable names.

There has probably never been a team in the history of baseball with a more impressive assemblage of single-syllable players than the current Pirates. Ruth could have made this team, or Foxx, or Cobb, but Boots Poffenberger would never have had a chance. The Pittsburgh roster, read with the proper sonority and rhythm, sounds like a half-forgotten fragment of Anglo-Saxon poetry, something to befuddle future generations of unlettered freshmen. Just imagine a dedicated professor of early English literature soulfully intoning:

Churn, Face;
Foulx, Friend and Friess:
Groat, Hall,
King, Kline and Law,
Long, Rand, Walls, Smith.

Or Branch Rickey. He'd do wonders with it. You can almost hear Rickey, eyebrows high, his voice strong and full and rolling, each unintelligible monosyllable suddenly fraught with significance for the future: Pirate skills, Pirate victories, Pirate pennants.

Bobby Bragan, who is Mr. Rickey's agent (which is to say, he manages the Pirates, the team Mr. Rickey created), doesn't recite poetry. For him "Churn, Face; King, Kline and Law" are arms and bats, and they don't sing. Bobby does sing, however (and pretty well, too, for an ex-catcher), and he plays a mean parlor piano. But when he sings he has a smile on his face and a tear in his heart, because the Pirates, for all their Chaucerian promise, are a long way from being a good baseball team. Their pitching is thin, their fielding ordinary and their hitting—well, the Pirate batting order most days is a weak imitation of a major league lineup.

The Pirates would probably be a lot worse off if Manager Bragan weren't around. This swarthy, black-haired, black-eyed, chunky little man doesn't have much to work with—just five players of unquestioned major league ability: Pitchers Bob Friend and Ron Kline, Third Baseman Frank Thomas, Outfielders Bill Virdon and Roberto Clemente. But he uses what he has to full advantage. He wastes no opportunities. If Bragan were a salesman and a door were opened an inch to him, his foot would be in, shortly followed by his mouth, and subsequently by a sale. So far as the Pirates are concerned, Bobby is a con man; and he sells them pride.

This may help to explain Bragan's much-publicized feud with New York Giant Manager Bill Rigney. Bragan doesn't have too much admiration for Rigney to begin with, but the basic reason for his down-grading the Giants (he calls them a last-place club, which angers Rigney) is to up-grade the Pirates. Pittsburgh got its foot in the door last year when it finished seventh after four straight years in eighth place. Bragan means to exploit that,

and he has already, to the extent that his players are convinced that they are, at worst, a fifth-place team.

This reasoning can apply to Bragan's custom of fining his players penalty amounts for minor infractions of the rules—$5 for reporting late to the park, $10 for failing to throw a pitchout when it was called for, $20 for failing to slide into second base in a crucial moment. The fines aren't ruinous, but they sting a man's pride. And they help spread Bragan's basic idea that the club is too good to condone carelessness; carelessness is for eighth-place clubs.

This theory would work much better if Bragan had some hitters to back up his pitchers. Last spring when Dale Long flared like a nova and hit homers and drove in runs like Mickey Mantle, the Pirates flared with him, and before you knew it they were soaring along at top of the league. Then, like a nova, Long burned out, and the Pirates then with him, subsiding steadily into seventh place. Over the last two-thirds of the season they had the worst record in the league (worse than the Cubs, worse than the Giants). But Bragan, the con man, kept everyone, including the Pirates, from realizing it, with the result that on the last weekend of the season the puerile Pittsburghers nearly upset Brooklyn's pennant cart with their fierce, almost frenzied efforts to win.

This year their efforts, while possibly still frenzied, are unhappily not very fierce. For example, Bob Friend, Bragan's best pitcher and very possibly the best pitcher in the National League, on Friday allowed the Brooklyn Dodgers only four hits and two runs in Ebbets Field, the pitchers' graveyard, and yet he was soundly beaten.

The Pirates picked up six hits off Johnny Podres, had two walks, stole two bases . . . and failed to score. The Dodgers had only four hits, no walks, stole no bases . . . and scored twice on two sudden home runs, one after the other, in the fourth inning. Aside from the homers, only two Dodgers reached base all day. But the Dodgers won, and it seemed easy.

After the game a man voiced praise for the superb game Friend had pitched.

"What about Podres?" a Brooklyn fan contended. "*He* won."

"Friend pitched the better game," the other said calmly.

"He lost! Podres won!" the second man argued. "Podres pitched a shutout, for Pete's sake."

He was withered by a look.

"*Anybody* can shut out Pittsburgh," he was told. "They're singles hitters. What a bunch of bums."

The word "bum" was used, of course, to describe the hitting ability of the Pirates and not their personal behavior. As people, the Pittsburgh players are first-class; most of them are young, clean-cut, hard-working, trustworthy, reverent, loyal and brave.

But abundant virtue is not a guarantee of success at baseball. There is a story told in Pittsburgh about this. In midseason last year the Pirates elevated a 19-year-old second baseman named Bill Mazeroski, who has as many syllables all by himself as the rest of the Pittsburgh infield from the minors. Mazeroski proved to be a highly skilled fielder and gave signs of developing into a fair major league hitter. Signs, however, were and, thus far, continue to be all. He batted only .243 and in 81 games drove in just 14 runs.

Now, Mazeroski's home town is not far from Pittsburgh and one day late in the season a group of neighbors and friends dropped into Forbes Field with gifts and speeches. They made it clear that they weren't trying to puff Bill up into a great ballplayer, or anything like that. It was simply that they wanted to express publicly their admiration for what they knew him to be already: a young man of fine character, well liked and respected by everyone who knew him, decent, reliable, the sort of boy a town would be proud of if he'd never so much as played a game of baseball in his life.

continued



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BRAGAN'S SAD SONG

continued

"This is all very well," said a sour sportswriter in the Forbes Field press box. "But what the Pirates need is a juvenile delinquent who can hit."

This pressing need (for hitting, that is; the Pirates will have no truck with juvenile delinquency) was demonstrated once again three days after Friend's betrayal, when Ronnie Kline stopped the Giants with one run . . . and lost. This time the pitcher who shut out the Pirates was a rookie named Pete Burnside, a left-hander who won five games and lost nine in the minors last year. As far as the Pirates were concerned he was Lefty Grove. They managed to eke out three hits. One man actually got as far as second base.

This inept hitting was particularly distressing to the Pirates' special batting coach, a man named George Sisler whose qualifications for the job include a batting average of .420 in 1922, not to mention .407 in 1920, and a pitching son who has already beat the mighty Yankees twice this year for the Boston Red Sox.

George Sisler is 64 now, and his once marvelously coordinated physique has been ravaged by time and illness. He walks slowly now, eats carefully and tries not to let himself get overly excited. He sits quietly in the Pirate clubhouse before the game and answers questions put to him by the Pirate players. Young Johnny O'Brien, his baby face trying to look rough and tough behind a two-day growth of beard and a stub of a cigar, comes over and asks, "Mr. Sisler, how did you hit the change?" Sisler, sitting in a chair, grabs an imaginary bat, unconsciously sets his feet in a semblance of a batting stance, and explains about waiting until the last minute, and pushing the ball or pulling it. O'Brien puffs on the cigar and nods, asks another question, nods again. "You have to wait," Sisler says, "and. . . ." He flicks the imaginary bat, and for the briefest part of a second it is Sportsman's Park in 1922.

But then it was the Polo Grounds in 1957, and George Sisler was sitting in the stands watching, an expression of mild pain on his face as Pirate after Pirate failed at the plate.

"We'll hit this fellow," Sisler said in the first inning.

"We're bound to hit him," he said in the third. "We're bound to."

"He hasn't a bad fast ball," he said in the fifth. "It has a nice tail to it. But he's a little wild. He'd be nice to hit."

With a man on first base a Pirate batter swung at a two-and-two pitch and popped up. Sisler shook his head.

"Hit a bad pitch. High. If he'd let it go, it would be three-and-two and that fellow on first would be moving. Might have made a difference."

The next Pirate batter swung at an inside fast ball and missed, making the count two-and-two. Sisler made a little annoyed sound.

"Another bad pitch. Would have been three-and-one and he'd have had to come in with it. You can't tell what would happen, but he should make the pitcher work. It's just a little thing, but it's those little things that win games."

Another futile inning passed.

HIGHLIGHT

THE SEASON was still young, but in its second week it produced an inning that might well hold up as the zaniest of the 11,088 scheduled to be played in 1957. The Senators were losing to the Yankees, as usual, but by a reasonably respectable 4–0 score as the sixth inning began. Yankee batters reached first and third base with one out, then Whitey Ford bounced an easy double-play ball back to Pitcher Chuck Stobbs. Inexplicably, Stobbs tried to catch the runner off third instead, and the play ended in an unsuccessful rundown. "I had it in my mind to throw to second on a hard ground ball but when it came, I didn't do it," Stobbs commented later.

Exit Stobbs with the bases loaded and enter 24-year old newlywed Dick Brodowski to pitch for the first time this season. Brodowski, once a bright prospect with Boston but now just another name on the worst pitching staff in the majors, threw three pitches to Hank Bauer; the last was hit for a grand slam home run.

Three more pitches later, Brodowski "tried to push Billy Martin back but he didn't get back far enough." The ball hit Martin on the wrist. Mantle walked on four pitches, and Berra forced him at second. Bill Skowron walked and again the bases were loaded.

Gil McDougald stood at the plate for the second time that inning. Brodowski checked Martin feinting off third. "The catcher signaled for a curve, but I shook the sign off and didn't check back at third. I wanted to throw a fast

"I don't know how they miss them," Sisler mused, mostly to himself. "He's wild with that fast ball. He'd get himself into a jam if they'd let him."

Dale Long finally worked a walk, but Dick Groat, up next, swung at the first pitch and flied out.

"George," he was asked, "are they swinging at bad pitches?"

"Oh, sure," Sisler said. "They have been all day."

"This kid doesn't have much, does he?" he was asked.

"He's pitching a good game," Sisler granted. "But we've certainly helped to make it easy for him."

In the ninth with one out and the Pirates behind 1 0, Frank Thomas singled to left and took second when the outfielder fumbled the ball. Sisler sat up. Dale Long was at bat.

Long popped up to the infield.

"Oh, gee," Sisler said in a little voice.

Dick Groat worked the count to three and one.

"Does he hit, George? Or take?"

"Hit," Sisler said decisively.

Groat swung and hit a ground ball to shortstop. The game was over. Sisler sat back.

"Oh, gee," he said again. "Gosh darn it."

Bobby Bragan, in the dugout, might have expressed himself more forcibly, but he felt much the same way. So did Long and Freese and Friend and Kline and Groat and Smith and Hall. And likewise the polysyllabic Mr. Mazeroski. Such a nice bunch of boys. Such a shame they can't put the monosyllabic wood to the monosyllabic ball for some crucial monosyllabic hits. (END)

ball." Martin stole home. "He had it stolen before I wound up. I knew that. But you have to go so far with your motion before throwing to the plate. By the time I threw, Martin was almost across." The other Yankee runners moved up a base to complete the triple steal.

Brodowski, a bit shaken by then, pitched a second time to McDougald and threw the ball past his catcher. Another run scored. On the fifth pitch to him, McDougald singled and the seventh and last run of the inning came across the plate. "He hit a sidearm curve that stayed inside and a sidearm curve that stays inside isn't any good."

A different Washington pitcher started the next inning. For Brodowski, it was an experience he'd rather forget: "Why all the interest in this one inning anyway?"—L.W.



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SIXTH OF A SERIES

TEEDEEUK: THE JAY

by DR. WILLIAM J. LONG

MY EARLIEST IMPRESSION of Teedeeuk was that he gave life and color and a voice to a winter landscape which without him would be a frozen silence. And to this day there is something in the bright flash of his wing or his rousing call that heartens a lone man in the solitude like the first gleam and crackle of a campfire. Not till one went away to his own mysterious affairs did I ask, with a vague wonder, what fickle or stable character is hidden under those gay feathers? What merry or mocking spirit animates him when he swoops silently at a cat, or whistles at a man, or sounds his tallyho over a hunted fox, or sends back the wild cry of a circling hawk?

Since these questions are beyond me or, I suppose, any man, why not let Teedeeuk himself answer them by his actions? Even so we must be careful not to misunderstand him. More than any other bird of my acquaintance, he has a way with him, a way which changes to suit whatever part he may be playing in the woodfolk comedy. It looks like a gallant way, but is not, when he flits in haste to answer a distress call, his crest cocked like a champion; or it looks like an ingratiating way when he finds me quiet in the woods and perches near my head to repeat his Indian name, which is like other bird sounds in that it has different meanings when uttered on a higher or lower pitch, in forte or pianissimo volume.

The last two syllables of that name, with the "dee" prolonged and accented, are the blue jay's alarm call as he speeds over pasture and woodland.

The first time his Indian name ever sounded softly in my ear was on a winter day when I found a blue jay caught in a jump trap which a neighbor's boy had set under a cedar and had sprinkled liberally with grain. In pecking at the bait Teedeeuk had sprung the trap, which clamped its jaws on the base of his bill, holding him fast but harming him not at all. There was no fear in his bright eye when I bent over him, but only bewilderment with something else that may have been surprise or relief at my coming. When set free he obeyed his first impulse by flying off with a cry of resentment, but in a moment he returned, apparently forgetful of the trap in his curiosity over the boy. From branch to branch of the cedar he flitted, just out of reach, repeating his Indian name with variations, *dee-uk*, *tee-dee-uk*, *tiddy-dee-uk*, each with an upslide, as if saying in his most ingratiating way, "You might at least tell me who you are, and what you are doing here, and where your nest is, and all about it. I will find out anyway."

How could a boy confidently interpret the anima of a blue jay or of any other bird? The answer is simple, and fortunately there is no need of calling any mystic or psychic sense to our aid. Aside from action Teedeeuk always gives one visible sign of his changing emotions. Even as you may know something of the mind of a dog from his tail, whether tucked or stiffened or waving or wagging, so you may enter into the mind of a blue jay by keeping an attentive eye on his crest, which is seldom quiet except when he is himself at rest. When well pleased with what he sees or hears or does, all of his feathers are as one feather. When he is greatly surprised or excited the crest points forward of the perpendicular; or when he is frightened it bristles out like a bottle brush. When all his feathers are snugged down so close that you think he has no crest, that is the very moment when Teedeeuk is eloquently revealing that he does not want to be noticed - that he is snooping into what the woodfolk might regard as their private affairs.

In the last-named habit is a possible explanation of why some birds show uneasiness or hostility when a blue jay appears among them. It is Teedeeuk's particular pleasure to play the role of Paul Pry, and woodfolk have the same aversion to such a character as we do when he appears in human form. Although he does no harm by his snooping, this charge too is added to what it seems to me is an already unwarranted list of prejudices against him.

For example, it is commonly stated that the blue jay is a cruel bird, a troublemaker, a nest robber, a killer of fledglings, a feathered villain and a reprobate.

Now it happens that in my childhood one of my pleasures was to watch the many feathered folk that flocked to the table I set for them. Child training was rather strict in those days, when good manners were the hallmark of good breeding, and it seemed to me that Teedeeuk had excellent table manners. For all his bold appearance he was, next to the lovable chickadees, the most careful to give no offense.

Later, in a more thickly settled corner of New England, this childhood pleasure was renewed by setting a birds' table every winter for 36 consecutive years. Between whiles I made several brief winter camps in the Canadian wilds, where a bountiful table was set outside my cabin window. I know not how many hundred jays or how many thousand individuals of other species were directly under my eye, but I never saw Teedeeuk begin a quarrel with any other bird, although several times I saw one or another of them chivvy him away from the table.

As for nest robbing, only twice in a lifetime have I seen a blue jay eat eggs. And an honored acquaintance of mine, who has been a lifelong observer of birds, tells me that he once, just once, saw a blue jay throw fledgling sparrows out of a nest, apparently in sheer mischief since he flew off without eating them.

continued

THE BLUE JAY

continued

And to go on to clarify another misjudgment: far out in the lower half of Moosehead Lake is Gull Island, a lonely place, densely wooded, known only to gulls that use it every season for a nesting site. I was hidden there one heavenly June morning when the lake was too calm for fly fishing, hoping to learn by what strange sense of affinity a mother gull can distinguish her ill-visaged fledgling in a group of 10 or 40 others, all alike in size, shape, color and reptilian ugliness.



Every now and then a mother bird would wheel in from the lake, drop lightly to earth, and go straight to a certain fledgling as if she not only knew him but remembered which one of her brood had last been fed. Gently the mother bird avoided or brushed the small ones aside, till one open mouth rang a bell of affinity in her brain. Into it she hastily pumped a portion of half-digested food, then was away again to find a dead fish or a bed of fresh-water clams or a nest of sandpiper or sheldrake eggs.

During her absence, when nothing stirred but the fledglings, I caught my breath at sight of a blue jay in the middle of the nesting ground, the last place one would look for him or for any other small intruder.

My first thought, that he might be nest robbing, raised the question of how he would handle eggs that in his eye must have looked as if a behemoth had laid them, but though many were in sight he paid them no attention. Straight to a hollow containing two newly hatched birds he went, and hovering over them alertly, stopped on either side to prod them with his bill. At his approach they opened their mouths wide; at his prod they snuggled down to earth, obeying the primal impulse of every helpless creature to be quiet at the appearance of an enemy.

After eying the unresponsive things a moment, suspiciously, Teedeeuk hurried to a group of larger fledglings, which he kept prodding, prodding, until one opened its mouth to pump up what had recently been pumped down. Hastily Teedeeuk gobbled a morsel of the disgorged food for himself. Then with a larger portion in his bill he flew to a spruce tree, where later I found his nest. Being at the moment too much interested in his comedy to spoil it by showing myself, I failed to see whether he was dutifully feeding his young or gallantly refreshing his brooding mate.

Because gulls have no happy-family understanding with other birds, I idly moralized over Teedeeuk—asking by what chance he had learned how to make a fledgling gull unswallow its breakfast. Suddenly there he was again on the forbidden ground. He was roughly prodding another group of fledglings, evidently expecting more food of the same kind, when he vanished like a wink. Hardly was he gone before a gull wheeled in from the lake to feed her young with no apparent suspicion that something was wrong, or sadly amiss.

Teedeeuk's prime trait or quality is the curiosity which impels him to investigate everything that goes on in his neighborhood and as far beyond as he can see or hear.

A natural supplement to this is his bent for telling the news like a town crier. At the feeding table, for example, when other feathered guests may be off guard while satisfying their sharp hunger, Teedeeuk is commonly the first to detect a distant hawk and cry the alarm. On hearing it the birds flit away into hiding—all but Teedeeuk—and to observe him now is to note a significant thing. If the hawk sails on into the blue, Teedeeuk whistles his mellowest *kloo-loo-loo, as if to say that the danger is past; or he follows* whenever the hawk circles wide around the yard, giving tongue on the trail.

The western blue jay is more silent than the newsmonger of our eastern woods. He is also brighter in color, the blue of his back and wings having a luster like the glint of sunshine on still water; but that is all on the surface, and from a small acquaintance I should say that he and Teedeeuk are twin brothers under their skins.

One afternoon, while holding watch over a place that seemed to belong to me alone, a quick-moving shadow told of life on the wing, and I looked up to see a blue jay fly along the Grand Canyon rim before he turned into the pinewoods behind me.

Placing two fingers against my lips I pulled a breath between them to imitate the squeaky cry one hears when birds are having a tiff or calling for help or telling a cat what they think of her. Hardly had it broken the enormous silence when a blue jay flashed out of the pines to answer it; not by his voice, for he said never a word during the interview, but by his bright eyes with their questions like pinpoints, and by his bodily attitude, which changed with his emotions as a weather vane turns to shifting winds.

After a quiet interval of five or 10 minutes another call brought him out again and now as he held still for a moment he gave me a sign whereby to know him if we should meet again. One of the secondary quills of a wing was sadly awry, a result either of the long-gone moulting season or of a heedless fight in thick cover.

Suddenly there was a violent—though short-lived—thunderstorm. A rainbow had formed when the blue jay appeared once more on the scene—the same bird, as one knew by a glance at his telltale wing. Almost in the middle of a jutting rock was a hollow, not much wider than my hat and perhaps two or three inches deep, which the rain had filled to the brim. Straight to it came my blue jay. Never have I seen a bird more plainly happy. All jays are fond of bathing, as you may know if you keep a pool for the birds.



I wondered what startled him, knowing that it was no motion of mine. He flew away and then returned with another jay, his mate presumably, who had all the while been brooding her eggs. Like the cavalier that he was he stood aside while she enjoyed her tub, splashing merrily. Came then the final scene. They stood silent a while on the verge of the canyon, the glory of creation round about them, before flying off together to their nest in the pines.

Though birds lack our human gift of language, they have another and perhaps surer way of sharing small thoughts that have no outlet in emotional cries. What is that silent way, you ask? It is, I think, by mutual sympathy, which alone gives perfect understanding—only another way of saying that the lower orders may communicate directly, mind to mind or animal to animal, without need of our always imperfect and often misleading speech. END



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COLOSSAL CALUMET

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY COOKE

CONSISTENCY, patience and two men named Jones are responsible for the galaxy of gold and silver (*left*) in the Pine Room at Mr. and Mrs. Gene Markey's Calumet Farm home at Lexington, Kentucky. Few, outside of those expressly invited by the owners, have ever seen the five Kentucky Derby trophies (*center shelf*), the five Pimlico Special trophies (*second shelf from the bottom*), the four Jockey Club Gold Cups (*bottom shelf*) or the four of the five Preakness cups (*bottom shelf, right*).

This year, Calumet's silver anniversary in Thoroughbred racing brings a special pride to Mrs. Gene Markey, who has been at Calumet since it started racing three horses in 1932. At that time she was married to Breeder Warren Wright, who died in 1950. Happily remarried, she has kept Calumet in operation ever since. Today she says, "If we do win another Kentucky Derby, I'd find room for the trophy if I had to hang it from the ceiling."

According to rival racing trainers, however, the only things that should hang from the Calumet ceiling are a father named Benjamin A. Jones and his son Jimmy. When the two went to Calumet in 1939 there were only 10 trophies. On April 1, 1957, thanks to the Joneses' knack, amounting to genius, there were 327 trophies (101 gold, 164 silver and 62 Julep Cups, symbolic of Kentucky stakes winners at Keeneland or Churchill Downs) in the Pine

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COLOSSAL CALUMET

continued

Room. For nine of the past 16 years the Jones boys have made Calumet America's leading money-winning stable. This year they are working very successfully toward Calumet's 14th million, garnered by more than 1,500 winners.

The elder Jones is now teetering and tired and is called "Sir" or "Mister Jones," instead of "Plain Ben," as he had been known for years. He is now the general manager of Calumet and Jimmy is the trainer. But, should anyone ask him how Jimmy's horses are, Ben will tell you, "All Jimmy's got is a pretty good bunch of Shetland ponies. None of 'em's as good as the big ones we used to have, like Citation and Coaltown, Ponder and that bunch. I mean them real big horses we useta have." But, every time Calumet wins another race in 1957 and someone asks Mr. Jones why the Shetland ponies have run so fast, he rubs his 74-year-old hands across the wide brim of his hat and searches for a seat. When he sits down, a big grin chips open his solemn face and his blue eyes twinkle as he says, "I done lied to ya. 'Tain't the first time I lied. I been at this a long, long time." And he's just as happy as anyone could possibly be. "But Jimmy's got to take the rap now. Once I never thought he'd be too much with horses. There was that time when he got elected to be mayor of our town in Parnell, Missouri. That was somethin'. I was nothing more than abeatin' around the leaky-roof tracks, walking horses down the road to the next track, and that Jimmy, why, he was the mayor!"

The "mayor" is a short, chunky man who says, "I'm 50 now, gettin' so old that I'm startin' to count backwards. Well, I started with horses out on the fairs at places like Omaha, Kansas City and St. Louis. Training horses is, well, it's sort of just like coaching a football team. You lose a lot of your stars by graduation, and as you look down the line you see the young ones coming along. The only difference between me and a football coach is that I haven't any alumni to worry about. I'm sort of like Popeye the Sailorman: I yam what I yam what I yam."

But there is little time in the life of Jimmy Jones to go "swimmin' with bowlegged women." "I usually get six hours sleep so that I have 18 hours for my horses," he says. He looked down across his silent army of horses—Bardstown, Fabius, Amoret, Gen. Duke, Iron Liege, Barbizon, Trentoman, Boone Blaze, Crossland and Whig—as they popped their heads out of the Calumet stalls. "Look sort of like flowers, don't they?" said the mayor as he pumped his hands nervously in and out of his pockets and cleared his throat to say, "Just keep 'em fat and fast, that's the secret."

By the end of March the early-blooming flowers of 1957 had won an unprecedented $534,745 for Calumet, and Jones was on his way to his fourth year as a million-dollar trainer. He became the first million winner in 1947 when he doubled the previous high set by his father three years earlier.

When the 1948 Kentucky Derby came around, Jimmy stepped aside and let his father's name go into the Derby records with Citation and Coaltown.

"We get a lot of good horses from breeding," he said recently. "The Calumet people don't like to claim horses. I can't remember the last time we claimed one, to tell the truth. But, about breeding, my father once told me that we breed the best to the best and hope for the best, but there is still nothing certain about the breeding business. Mrs. Sullivan had seven children but she only had one John L."



BENEVOLENT SMILE from Jimmy Jones may reflect confidence in his chances at Louisville. In 1956 Jones just missed with Fabius.

The magic touch of Jimmy Jones is best exemplified in three of his present horses. Last year he took an unraced colt named Barbizon, brought him to the edge necessary to win five of his six races, to a stirring victory in the World's Richest Race, the Garden State, and to eminence in the 2-year-old division. It took Jones 42 days. This year he took a horse that was left out of the Experimental Ratings, racing's *Social Register*, and in 87 days had Gen. Duke the top-heavy favorite for this year's Kentucky Derby. Bardstown is another Jones horse, one that did not race for two years, but in 11 months Jones had the gelding the top handicap horse in the nation.

Jimmy Jones, for all his records, has never won a Derby. He said this winter, "Well, we got a shot at this Derby thing. Right now we have Gen. Duke and Iron Liege, and if Barbizon comes around good I'd start all three. Why, hell, I'm still lookin' around for a fourth."

But horse training is a dead serious business, and the Jones boys, outside of the joking calm which they exude, are dead serious horse trainers. Ben Jones says, "We go over things together and try to figure them out. Lots o' hours go into a good horse. Why, 'fore Jimmy goes to bed at night he stops by to see his horses. Trouble happens in the night." A few minutes later Mr. Jones watched his son saddle Gen. Duke and Iron Liege for the Florida Derby and whispered, "I think Jimmy's the best horseman in all America." —WILLIAM LEGGETT

PART III:
THE TEX RICKARD
STORY

MILLION



TEX RICKARD AT PEAK OF HIS CAREER

It was a fabulous era, and the great promoter, through success and scandal, played it like the gambler he was

by CHARLES SAMUELS

IN THE HISTORY of America the Golden Twenties, even though they ended less than three decades ago, have already assumed the stature of an era. Bright with the freewheeling pleasures of a nation relaxing after a victorious war, lavish in the money that seemed to spring from the inexhaustible wellsprings of a burgeoning economy, grandiose in visions and achievements, the Twenties were America's last great spree. George Lewis Rickard—brash, imaginative, always on the lookout for a new fast deal, possessed of an almost benign faith in the future, but beyond all a supreme individualist—was every bit a part of his age. In a sense he characterized it.

Inseparable from Tex Rickard and the improbable chain of fortuitous circumstances that pushed him to ever-greater triumphs, there was Jack Dempsey. Dempsey is an institution today, but as heavyweight champion of the world—perhaps the greatest of all time—he was not popular. Some called him a draft-dodger (unjustly), others a "killer" (because of the almost mesmerized intensity that sometimes caused him to disregard the rules when he stalked his faltering foe).

Yet Dempsey's very unpopularity was a compelling factor in the almost wild interest aroused whenever he fought. Rickard, who had returned with his wife Edith Mae to the United States after five successful—if not always exhilarating—years as a Paraguay ranch owner, caught on to this from the start. It is Paul Gallico's theory that Rickard developed into a high art the morality play of villain pitted against shining knight, which today's professional wrestlers find so useful.

The knight in shining armor materialized soon after the unbelievably brutal fight in which Dempsey took the heavyweight championship from Jess Willard at Toledo on Independence Day in 1919. He was a Frenchman, Georges Carpentier. Millions of fans in the United States, in his own country and throughout the British Empire considered Carpentier the man best qualified to take Dempsey's championship from him. This extraordinary optimism was based on Carpentier's war achievements rather than on his spotty ring record, or his size (he weighed scarcely 170 pounds). A slim, charming and graceful young man, he had just spent four years in his country's service, and had been twice decorated.

Factions of the newly formed American Leg on and other patriotic groups hailed this French war hero and branded Dempsey a slacker. Years later, contemplating the paradox that made him the ring's greatest crowd-pleaser and one of its least-liked champions, Dempsey said ruefully, "They called me a bum before I was champion, and afterwards too."

The intense emotions of the public pleased Rickard, but they also complicated his plans for staging the match. Promoters in London, Montreal and Tijuana, Mexico entered high bids, and although Rickard had an exclusive contract for Dempsey's services, it soon became obvious that he would have to top them if he was to remain in control.

When he learned that Charles B. Cochran, an English theatrical producer, similarly had an exclusive contract with Carpentier, Rickard moved quickly and formed a partnership with him and William A. Brady, a Broadway play producer, who was Cochran's American representative.

The trio's preliminary dickerings with Jack (Doc) Kearns, Dempsey's

© 1957 by Charles Samuels

DOLLAR DECADE

manager, and François Descamps, manager of Carpentier, were not reassuring. Kearns, a crafty operator who apparently disliked Rickard even before he met him, asked $300,000 plus 25% of the movie rights. Descamps spoke through his interpreter, Jack Curley, and said he would accept less because his Georges was merely the challenger—he would settle for $200,000 plus 25% of the movie rights.

Brady pointed out that they were demanding more money than any fight had ever grossed. That made Kearns yawn. After many hours of wrangling, Kearns and Descamps walked out of the meeting.

Several days later Rickard made Kearns and Descamps a counteroffer of 60% of the gross receipts. He suggested that three-fifths of this, or 36% of the gross, go to Dempsey, the rest to the challenger. Kearns turned a deaf ear on the offer while M. Descamps replied that he and Carpentier had booked return passage to France.

The deadlock was broken one evening when Rickard walked into a restaurant and spied Kearns at a table with two swarthy strangers. Their faces looked familiar, though Rickard could not place them. He asked the headwaiter who they were.

"They are old friends of Mr. Kearns, sugar and tobacco millionaires from Cuba," he was told. "Mr. Kearns told me they came up here to sign a contract with him for the big fight."

Rickard paled. Disconsolately he watched Doc chatting, rubbing his hands together and nodding. The next morning he, Cochran and Brady resumed their talks with Kearns and Descamps. On November 5, the day before the Frenchmen were to sail for home, the contract for the fight was signed. It stated that Dempsey would be paid $300,000, Carpentier $200,000. The agreement also stated that the promoters must post $100,000 and the managers $50,000 for each fighter in forfeit money.

ON HIS way home Rickard stopped at a bar to have a drink with Kearns. "Who was them Cuban sugar millionaires I seen you with the other day, Doc?" Tex asked. "Their faces sure looked familiar."

Doc roared. "They *should* look familiar, Tex. They're waiters who have been working your table at the Belmore ever since you started to eat there. I figured if I dressed them up in new suits and shoved big cigars in their kissers you'd never recognize them."

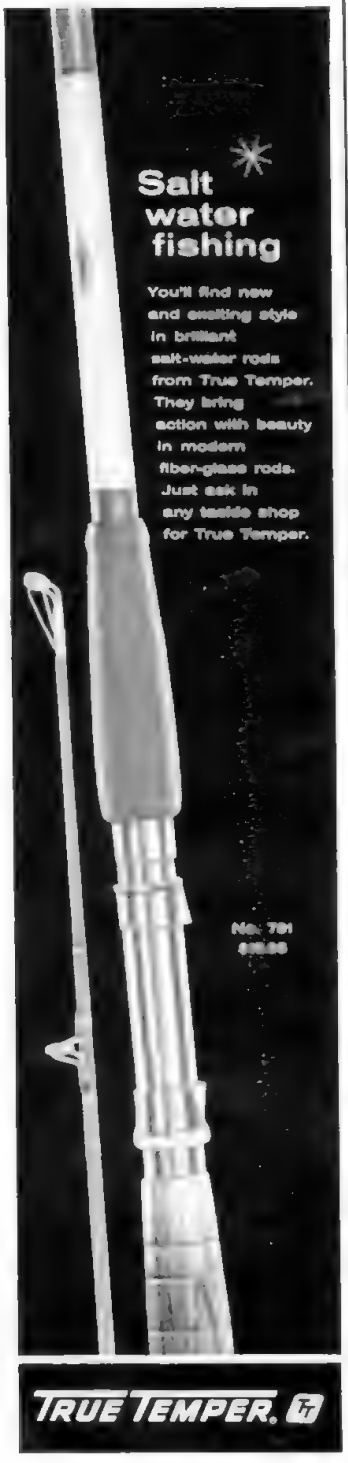
Kearns lost no time in telling everyone he met how he had bluffed Rickard into signing the $300,000 deal. But that was only the beginning of Rickard's troubles. Shortly after the match was announced, New York's Governor Nathan L. Miller, a Republican who had been swept into office in the 1920 Harding landslide, declared he was against allowing the bout to take place in New York State, although by law he couldn't actually prevent it. Brady and Cochran had counted on staging it at the Polo Grounds. When Rickard, who had constructed stadiums for his three previous promotions, started talking of building one for the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, his partners withdrew. When he posted the $100,000 promoter's bond for the match, Rickard announced officially that he had taken over their interests.

Where did the money come from? True, Rickard had recently staged a highly successful bout at the old Madison Square Garden, with Benny Leonard and Richie Mitchell fighting it out for the lightweight championship. This match grossed $136,408, a new box-office record for all other classes except heavyweights. But Rickard got little of the money. Most of it went to an

Continued

AT BOYLE'S THIRTY ACRES IN JERSEY CITY 80,000 PEOPLE ASSEMBLED TO WATCH DEMPSEY BATTLE CARPENTIER FOR HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE





TEX RICKARD

continued

organization for French relief. Rickard begrudged not a nickel of it, for his partner in this highly unusual venture was Anne Morgan, daughter of the great J. P., and to Rickard the association meant more than any money.

Nonetheless, there certainly was nowhere near enough in the Rickard till to post a $100,000 guarantee for the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, let alone to take care of all other expenses which such a match involved. To certain of his sportswriter friends, the promoter confided the answer to the mystery: Mike Jacobs, at the time a Broadway ticket speculator but later Rickard's successor as boxing's biggest promoter, had advanced him a sizable sum.

Rickard, one story goes, asked Jacobs for his estimate of the gate. "One million bucks," Jacobs answered. Jacobs then visited all his scalper colleagues in New York, inviting them to stake Rickard. He raised $180,000 in addition to the $20,000 he advanced Rickard personally. From that time until Rickard's death, Jacobs is said to have received tickets for seats in the first 19 rows for all sports events at the Garden and the big outdoor fights. Jacobs got rid of as many of them as he was able to personally. The rest he passed around among rival speculators for a premium of several dollars each above the amount printed on the ticket. The extra money paid by his rivals was called "ice," and of this ice, Jacobs personally passed along 15 to 20% to Rickard.

In the ice arrangement Rickard also found an ideal subterfuge for paying off politicians who had done him a favor, a detail the ever-watchful Rickard was not likely to overlook. The politician would get a batch of the good tickets, take them to a speculator and pocket the ice himself. The speculator later would pay Rickard the face value of the tickets.

Jacobs charged outlandish prices, in one case as much as $7,500 for a $250 box. In the curious moral climate of Prohibition America, this arrangement apparently dismayed no one. Certainly it was good for Rickard and Jacobs. But its value to boxing is questionable, to say the least; the evils that now beset the sport stem to a considerable degree from these practices.

It must be said, however, that Rickard was not relying entirely upon Jacobs. From the moment he announced that the fight would positively go on, reservation orders, accompanied by money orders and checks, began to flow into his office. "Pretty flattering, ain't it, boys," said Rickard, "that people all over should have such faith in my word? And I ain't even said yet where I will put it on. But I guess it will be in New Jersey somewhere, Newark, Atlantic City or maybe Jersey City."

Some weeks before the bout, Rickard insured both men for $50,000 each, but this represented only a fraction of the money he would have had to refund if the bout was canceled. "I often wonder," W. O. McGeehan wrote years later, "what Rickard would have done if anything had happened to either of the principals."

It is quite possible that no fight in history ever attracted the universal attention that the Dempsey-Carpentier bout did. Every move the fighters or Rickard made was news. When Rickard decided the bout would go on at 3 p.m. on July 2, 1921, his announcement was cabled around the world. When at last he chose Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City as his site one might have thought that he had announced that the decisive battle of the Civil War would be fought at Gettysburg next week.

Wishing to avoid his Toledo mistake, in which he built a stadium far beyond his needs, Rickard ordered a 50,000-seat arena. But, as reservations kept flooding in, he increased the capacity, first to 70,000, then again to 91,613.

THE publicity buildup, meanwhile, got a healthy boost from the Dempsey training camp at Atlantic City, N.J. A group of rowdies who had attached themselves to Dempsey managed to get into a glorious assortment of difficulties with the local police, ranging from drunkenness to using loud and profane language in public. All this was dutifully recorded in the press, and those who would make of Dempsey a coarse, crude, even evil fellow were much edified.

By contrast, Carpentier trained in the effete seclusion of a Long Island estate at Manhasset. Though reporters were discouraged from watching the training of Gorgeous George, as he became known, members of New York's 400 attended in profusion. When the sportswriters complained, Descamps told them that Carpentier was developing a secret punch that would pulverize the champion. If the nature of this crippling wallop became known, he added mysteriously, the essential

continued



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TEX RICKARD

continued

element of surprise would be lost.

This, coming on top of the lately famous "hypnotic eye" of M. Descamps, was precisely the kind of rich fare that millions of Americans delighted in. After being knocked out by Carpentier, Bombardier Billy Wells and the English heavyweight Joe Beckett both alibied their bad boxing performances with charges that Descamps had unfairly employed his mystical eye to reduce their resistance.

"I felt uneasy each time I fought Carpentier with that man staring at me," said the Bombardier. "I felt queer all over," said Beckett, "even before Carpentier landed his first blow."

When Dempsey was asked how he expected to cope with Descamps' malevolent powers, he looked down at his fists and said, "I guess I'll have to depend on these."

As the fight drew near, orders poured into Rickard's office. By the middle of June the advance sale passed $600,000. By the 24th, it was more than $850,000. Three days later Rickard announced that his old dream of a million-dollar gate was about to come true. He quickly added that more than $500,000 worth of seats in all price ranges were still available, lest prospective customers be frightened off.

On June 27, Rickard handed Jack Kearns and Descamps the shock of their lives by announcing he would pay their fighters the straight $500,000 purse, instead of the alternative deal, 36% of the gross for Dempsey and 24% for Carpentier. After the fight, when the last nickel was counted, it became clear that each fighter would have been paid almost twice as much if Kearns and Descamps had accepted the original straight 60% offer. Kearns has never been able to live down this costly mistake, or forgive Rickard for profiting by it.

Two weeks before the fight, the Jersey City commissioner of safety predicted that 80,000 would attend, and 40,000 more persons would visit Jersey City just to be near the excitement. To handle the expected crush, Mayor Hague's police and fire departments assigned 900 uniformed men to the inside of the arena and 700 more to the streets outside, including a couple of hundred detectives. Rickard hired 1,147 employees of his own, including hundreds of neatly dressed ushers.

Dawn on July 2, the day of the fight, broke over a huddle of customers gathered before the $5.50 and $10 ticket windows. It was an indifferent sky that neither promised rain nor denied that it would come. By 9 a.m. 5,000 persons were in line waiting for the cheap tickets. Rickard knew by then that the gate might go to a million and a half dollars if the weather held.

In the audience at Boyle's Thirty Acres that day were three of Teddy Roosevelt's children—Kermit; Theodore Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Navy; and his sister, Alice Roosevelt Longworth. Several Philadelphia Biddles were at the ringside, along with Harry Payne Whitney, William H. Rhinelander, Paul D. Cravath, George J. Gould, Joseph W. Harriman, Sailing W. Baruch, Vincent Astor, Robert Bacon and George F. Baker Jr. and an imposing roster of officials from foreign embassies in Washington. Broadway was represented by Sam Harris, George M. Cohan, David Belasco, Edna Goodrich, Blanche Bates, Owen Moore and Colonel Jacob Ruppert, owner of the New York Yankees. Al Jolson closed his show in Butte, Montana to hurry East for the fight.

"Look at all them fine people," Rickard exclaimed. "I never seen so many millionaires. Can you imagine all them fine people coming here to patronize Tex Rickard?"

Weeks before the fight, having seen Carpentier in training, Rickard concluded that he was no match for Dempsey. Now, watching the crowd stream in, he had an added worry. He became afraid the fight would end too soon and the crowd would feel cheated. He also feared that Dempsey might kill Carpentier. Jack Dempsey, years later, recalled for the New York *Journal-American*'s Frank Graham how the nervous promoter took him aside an hour before the fight to give him some advice.

Rickard collared Dempsey near the fighters' dressing rooms. Chewing his cigar and worriedly tapping the planks with his cane, he pointed to the huge crowd stretched below them on Boyle's Thirty Acres. "This is the first million-dollar crowd, Jack," he said, "and now let me tell you something. This Carpentier is a nice feller, but he can't fight. I could lick him myself. So I want you to be careful and not kill him."

Dempsey still didn't say anything. "I mean that, Jack," Tex went on. "If you kill him all this will be ruined, boxing will be dead. If everything goes all right, this will go on. There will be many million-dollar gates and we'll all make a lot of money."

But the real menace that day was to the crowd, rather than to the game.

Rickard's carpenters had built enormously, but not, it seemed, well. The first warning of a possible catastrophe came when the crowd jumped to its feet to hail Carpentier as he entered the ring. At that moment the stands started to sway back and forth. A panic was developing when one man made himself heard above the crowd noise:

"Everybody stay down! You're in a dangerous place! The paraphernalia is wheeling! Everybody down!" Turning to the nearest police officer, he added in a shout: "If you police can't make them sit down, club them down!" His words froze with fear hundreds in the $5.50 and $10 seats who could see for themselves the whole structure lurching first one way, then slowly back.

CARPENTIER, dressed in a dove-gray bathrobe bordered in midnight blue, was oblivious to the excitement. He called gay greetings in French to his friends around the ringside. He weighed at least 20 pounds less than Dempsey's 188. When they were introduced, Dempsey's face fell. The Frenchman received three times the applause he did. Meanwhile, the fateful swaying of the huge arena continued.

It was in this atmosphere, with many on the fringe of the great crowd fearing for their lives, that the two men came out of their corners. Dempsey came out slowly. Instead of bobbing and weaving as he sought an opening, he boxed warily, clinching occasionally and getting in some punishing body blows. Carpentier, surprisingly enough, did not box Dempsey as expected but seemed intent on scoring a quick knockout.

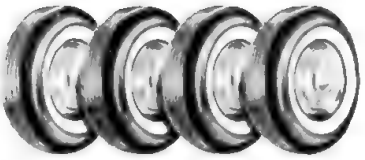
The second round began with Carpentier backing away and Dempsey pursuing him. Then Carpentier struck.

Much has been made of that blow, both at the time and in endless arguments since. It was a solid right to Dempsey's jaw, and it seemed to stagger him.

The crowd, sensing a stunning victory for Carpentier, rose screaming as Dempsey reeled. Carpentier tried to follow with another right to the head but Dempsey clinched and the moment was over.

In the third, Dempsey tore Carpentier with rights and lefts to the body. In the fourth the fearful fusillade destroyed the Frenchman, sending him down for a nine count at 35 seconds and then down to stay. There was hardly a sound in the arena. It was almost as though Dempsey had hit each one of the watchers personally. Carpentier did not get up. The arena did not sway.

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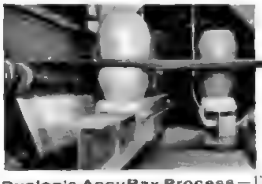
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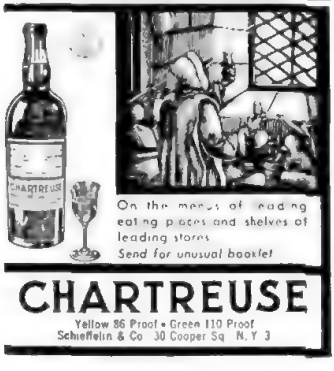
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TRIED AND TRUE ENEMIES, an unsmiling Rickard and pensive Jack "Doc" Kearns, *right*, manager of Jack Dempsey, sit down together to go over terms of fight contract.

TEX RICKARD

continued

Many among the 2,000 women fans appeared to be crying. The loser's seconds seemed bemused. Dempsey, never before a fighter to make the empty gestures of ring gallantry, picked up the semiconscious challenger and helped him to his corner.

When the figures were totaled, it was announced that 80,183 had paid $1,789,238 to see the fight. Rickard estimated his own personal profit at over $100,000. The builders of the arena said that the fact that the arena had swayed without falling apart only proved how *well* it had been put together.

ALTHOUGH the Dempsey-Carpentier fight brought Rickard to a new peak in his career, its conclusion did not leave him unemployed. The year before, with the backing of John Ringling, the circus impresario, he had taken a five-year lease at $250,000 a year on the old Madison Square Garden, which had not shown an appreciable profit in 30 years. In its first year under Rickard's management, a six-day bicycle race drew over 100,000 fans, wrestling flourished and thousands danced every Sunday night on a specially constructed ballroom floor.

What really put the Garden over, however, was boxing. Rickard admitted afterwards that he could not have gone into the Garden venture at all were it not for the passage in 1920 of the Walker Boxing Law which sanctioned 15-round title bouts to a decision in New York State. It had required all of State Senator Jimmy Walker's boyish charm and beguiling manner to get the backing of Governor Alfred E. Smith, who not only hated boxing per se but was at a loss to see what good reviving the sport could do his political future.

Gene Fowler writes in *Beau James*, his biography of Walker, that Smith laughed when Walker pleaded that most of the state's decent citizens wanted boxing back. "Jim," Al Smith told him, "if you can prove to me that the better element is behind your bill, I'll sign it. But you'll have to find 100 clergymen who will write or wire me that they want boxing back. And when I say clergymen, I don't mean our own Catholic priests, whom you fool so easily with your line of baloney. And don't bother asking any Jewish rabbis either. The letters have to be from duly ordained Protestant ministers. And I want all of those letters and wires on my desk by Monday. And this, James, is Friday."

On Monday morning Smith arrived at the Executive Mansion to find more than 600 wires and letters from Protestant clergymen piled up on his desk. All of these urged him to sign the bill without delay. When all proved to be bona fide, Smith signed it.

Long after, when Walker was mayor of New York, he told the inside story at a banquet of the New York Boxing Writers' Association. After leaving the governor he had recalled that Major A. J. Drexel Biddle, the millionaire boxing fan from Philadelphia, was head of a national Bible society. When he telephoned Biddle, the major said he could solve the problem with no trouble at all.

Biddle then wired the New York

continued



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SPECIFICATIONS: [illegible]

CORVETTE
by Chevrolet

TEX RICKARD

(continued)

headquarters of his Bible society and asked the members to write or telegraph the governor.

"But why did the clergymen do it, ma'or?" Walker inquired on Monday.

"Oh," said Major Biddle lightly. "I just donated a half-million dollars to the organization, and they are all very obliging and congenial people."

A little more than a year later, Major Biddle was back helping Rickard again, this time in the most serious crisis of his life. On January 21, 1922, the sporting world was shocked to read in the afternoon newspapers that Tex Rickard had been arrested on charges of having attacked several underage girls in his private New York apartment on 17th Street. With a remarkable show of loyalty, Rickard's wealthy and influential friends rallied to his defense.

No one was more zealous or more convinced that this was a frameup by Rickard's enemies than Major Biddle. He spent days on the telephone calling his friends to invoke their assistance. "Rickard is the finest and noblest sportsman I ever knew," said Biddle. He added that Rickard had "purified" boxing since taking over the Garden and that, "He is strait-laced in every respect, and the soul of honor."

It is certain that Rickard never knew a blacker period than the hours he spent on the witness stand when his case came to trial. But the fact was never evident to the persons who watched him. He was the epitome of self-assurance. His most impressive character witness was Kermit Roosevelt, who said that the Rickards and he and Mrs. Roosevelt exchanged social visits almost every week.

In reply to a query about Rickard's gambling life, he said, "I would no more say a man who ran a gambling house is of bad character than I would say a man who runs a church is necessarily of good character."

The jury deliberated only 91 minutes. It returned with a verdict of "not guilty." Spectators in the courtroom showed their approval.

Despite this temporary eclipse, the scandal and trial left Rickard's reputation unscathed. It also provided Doc Kearns with an excuse for a really spectacular publicity stunt that naively exploited Rickard's reputation as a man of honor. In 1923 Doc Kearns accepted a challenge from Shelby, Montana for Dempsey to meet Tommy Gibbons of Minnesota in a heavyweight championship. Gibbons was a fine boxer but he was not a strong drawing card. The fight was something of a disaster all around. Shelby almost went broke meeting Kearns's heavy demands, and Dempsey made a miserable showing, winning at last on points.

The boxing public leaped happily to the conclusion that Dempsey was ready for immolation by a new shining knight. Was there such a knight? Why, of course, and Tex Rickard had him in Luis Angel Firpo, a big (6 feet 3, 215 pounds) shaggy Argentine with soulful eyes. Firpo had arrived in the United States the year before, advertised as the heavyweight champion of South America. It was not long before he visited Tex Rickard's office.

When Rickard first saw Firpo, his eyes lit up. "What a man!" he said to a friend. "Why, him and Dempsey will make the greatest fight you ever seen. That man is the nearest thing in build to Jeffries I ever laid eyes on."

The fight took place on September 14 at the New York Polo Grounds. A crowd of 82,000 jammed every corner and cranny of the Giants' ballpark and paid $1,188,603 for the privilege. And if ever a fight was worth a million dollars, this was it.

Just before Dempsey was to go into the ring, Rickard slipped into his dressing room and said, "This fellow is a big bum. I could lick him myself. Knock him out in a round if you can. I don't care. But don't get careless with him, because he can punch. He's a bum but dangerous."

Dempsey, who had had enough close calls of late, didn't have to be advised twice. He went into the ring with one idea: get rid of Firpo fast.

At the bell for the first round, out came Dempsey, dancing in his bobbing, weaving way, head down, looking suspiciously, probing and then whipping his fists out. Firpo knocked him down.

Dempsey was quickly up again, and then Firpo was down. Up got Firpo; then he was down again, with the referee counting over him. Time and now. Always he came up and always he was sledge hammered down a second later. Finally he rose, snarling in his pain and fury, drew back one great paw and struck. The blow caught Dempsey on the chin and drove him reeling backward toward the ropes and through them. With both hands braced behind him, he landed [illegible] the press table. Jack Lavender, the sports reporter, Jack Lawrence and the other sports writers nearby quickly shoved him up on the apron of the

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DRIVING THE LAST RIVET in the new Madison Square Garden building, Tex Rickard, the newly elected president of the enterprise, symbolizes the achievement of his dream.

TEX RICKARD

continued

ring. Dempsey stepped through the ropes and put up his hands at Seven. Being helped back should have disqualified him, but the referee, Johnny Gallagher, waved to both men to start fighting again. Firpo's cut-rate seconds, hired to save money, cost him the title by not protesting.

The second round was anticlimactic. Dempsey, stung as he had never been before, went after Firpo in a rush. Twice he quickly felled him and then, ducking a wild right, threw the hardest punch of the fight. It dropped Firpo to his face on the floor. This time Dempsey did not crouch over him. He stepped toward the nearest corner and leaned, breathing heavily, against the ropes. He watched the great hairy machine of a man on the floor roll over, writhing in pain, then flop back, a gone, courageous bull.

THE late Twenties were rich and rewarding years for Rickard and for sport. For one thing, they were the years of the new Madison Square Garden. Rickard had long felt that New York needed a larger and more efficient arena and one that was more centrally located. In 1925, two years after the Firpo bout, he succeeded in interesting six millionaire backers in the project. Richard F. Hoyt, of the investment house of Hayden, Stone and Company, headed the syndicate, which included G. H. Walker, Edward S. Moore, Matthew G. Brush, E. Roland Harriman and W. Averell Harriman, the present governor of New York. Rickard raised the balance of money by selling to friends and acquaintances approximately 600 memberships at $1,000 each. John Ringling was elected chairman of the board of the corporation, and Rickard was given a 20-year contract at $30,000 a year as its president. Not long after, to Rickard's great satisfaction, Madison Square Garden stock was quoted on the New York Stock Exchange board alongside of the country's leading corporations.

From the beginning the eagerly awaited Garden was a triumph. It opened in the last week of November 1925, with a six-day bicycle race which 100,000 people attended. On December 15, 15,000 persons turned out for the first big league hockey game ever played in New York. For the smart set, including Mayor Walker, Texas Guinan, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Arnold Rothstein, the gambler, and many more of Rickard's 600 backers, the regular Friday night boxing show became *de rigueur*. There was no heavyweight championship fight during the Garden's first year, but other weight division titles changed hands no less than seven times in 1925. Rickard, as shrewd as ever, made excellent money on the bouts.

In that inflated era, managers demanded top prices. Rickard brought

them down to earth with a little trick that showed he had not forgotten the hypnotic effect gold had on everybody at Goldfield.

Pretending to be searching for a match, he would open the top drawer of his desk. The drawer was stuffed with banknotes, yellowbacks, greenbacks, good American money in all denominations.

"I pay off in cash, boys," he would say, "whenever a man wants it that way. And in case you fellas need dough for training expenses—well, you can walk right out of here with that today. That's, of course, if we can agree on terms."

Rickard, whose wife Edith Mae had died of a heart ailment a month before the new Garden opened, worked at his new job 14 to 20 hours a day. A good part of this time was spent in a war with the New York State Athletic Commission, which had decreed that Jack Dempsey would be licensed to defend his title in New York only if his opponent were Harry Wills, the 220-pound, 6-foot-2 New Orleans Negro. Whether Dempsey "ducked" Wills can be argued, but there is no question that Rickard did. The promoter feared a mixed match would stir racial conflicts which might bring a new ban on all boxing.

In 1925 Rickard's problem was partially solved with the emergence of Gene Tunney, who knocked out Tommy Gibbons and promptly challenged Dempsey. Since the commission was still committed to Wills, Rickard decided to stage the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia, where a New York license was not required. The date was set for September 23, 1926.

Once again the public responded with mothlike curiosity to the Dempsey attraction. The gate was another record breaker, with 120,757 persons paying $1,895,733. But rain fell that night, and the fight proved almost as dreary as the weather. Dempsey hadn't fought in three years. His punch was gone and he was slow. Tunney, on the other hand, had planned his fight carefully. He allowed Dempsey to do the leading and then counterpunched. The blows were vicious and stung Dempsey badly, but that is the sort of intimate detail that is hard to see. Tunney's bruising drives to the body were lost on many of the thousands at the fight, who saw only his methodical concern with making no mistakes. He never accepted the challenge to step in and mix with Dempsey.

"I knew Dempsey would nail me

continued



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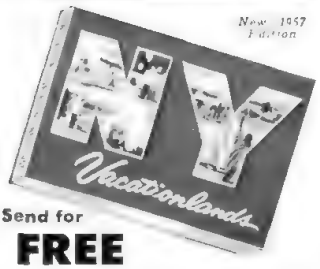
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TEX RICKARD

continued

if I did," he later said, quite frankly.

Tunney was unable to knock out Dempsey, or even to knock him down. But in the 10th and final round he had both of Dempsey's eyes closed. When Tunney's hand was held aloft as the winner and the new champion, Dempsey, unable to see anything, had to be led by his seconds across the ring to shake Tunney's hand. It was the first time in ring history that the world heavyweight title was won on points. But no one could possibly say that Tunney did not deserve the victory, including Dempsey, who said after the fight, "I lost to a good man."

After the fight Tex Rickard sat on a couch in a hotel suite, surrounded by sportswriters. "I can hardly believe it," he murmured. "I never thought it would happen to him."

"What are you going to do now?" he was asked.

"I dunno." Rickard said. "This other feller ain't never been a drawing card. Dempsey was the one who drew 'em in."

"Well, what about a return match?"

Rickard thought of the cruel beating he had watched Dempsey take. After a while he said, "No-o. I don't think so. I wouldn't want to put him through it again."

THE next year was a good one for Rickard, probably the most restful and profitable of his life. Shortly after the Philadelphia fight, he married a pretty Broadway actress, Maxine Hodges. She was 21 and he 55. They had a daughter, Maxine Texas, and his wife succeeded in talking Rickard into working less and enjoying himself more. Partly to please her, Rickard bought a yacht from Walter Chrysler which he named Maxine and he raced on the Hudson. He bought a large home on one of the lagoons near Miami and began to take time off to play golf, a game he had discovered not too long before. Mrs. Rickard is now living in Washington, D.C., where she was until recently a government typist. Maxine Texas is married, has two children and lives in Alexandria, Va.

Meanwhile, Rickard hadn't given up promotion nor had he lost the knack of the million-dollar fight. In 1927 he put on two bouts that grossed



BOXER WITH A BABY. Heavyweight Champion Dempsey cradles Rickard's daughter, Maxine Texas, as wife, Estelle Taylor *(left)*, and child's parents beam

over $1 million; the first, between Jack Sharkey and Dempsey, leading to the second, a rematch with Tunney, which became the richest fight in the history of boxing.

The second Dempsey-Tunney fight went on at the vast Soldier Field in Chicago on September 22, 1927, just a day short of a year after their first battle.

The bout drew 104,903 spectators, 15,000 less than at Philadelphia. But the $40 top allowed at Chicago resulted in the enormous gate, an almost unbelievable $2,658,000. Tunney's purse of $990,000 was the largest ever paid any fighter, and Dempsey's $450,000 the most for a challenger.

Governors, cabinet ministers and a reputed 2,000 millionaires had seen the first Dempsey-Tunney fight. But there were even more celebrities, high-ranking politicians, diplomats and industrial leaders at the return match.

The odds on the first bout had favored Dempsey at from 3½ to 1 to 11 to 5. In the rematch the men went into the ring at even money. Except for the Johnson-Jeffries fight, it was, up to then, the only time a heavyweight champion had not been installed as the favorite.

The bout itself, except for a single incident in the seventh round, was a repetition of the Philadelphia scrap. That incident, of course, was the famous long count. During that unforgettable seventh Dempsey managed to catch up with the aggravatingly cautious Tunney and brought him to the canvas with two crushing left hooks to the jaw, followed by a right.

Dempsey stood over Tunney, as he had over Firpo. But Referee Dave Barry, a local official, instead of picking up the timekeeper's count, ordered Jack to a corner. Whole seconds were lost before Dempsey obeyed and the counting was resumed. How many seconds is still being debated. But the important thing is that there was time enough for Tunney's head to clear. At the count of nine, Tunney got up and back-pedaled for dear life as Dempsey chased him futilely around the ring.

But that was the end of the excitement. Dempsey never again could catch up with Tunney and at the end Tunney was far ahead on points.

If the long count finished Dempsey, it finished Rickard, in a sense, as well. The joy seemed to go out of boxing for him with Dempsey's retirement. He considered Tunney to be a colorless fighter and thought he put on one more match for the new champion, against

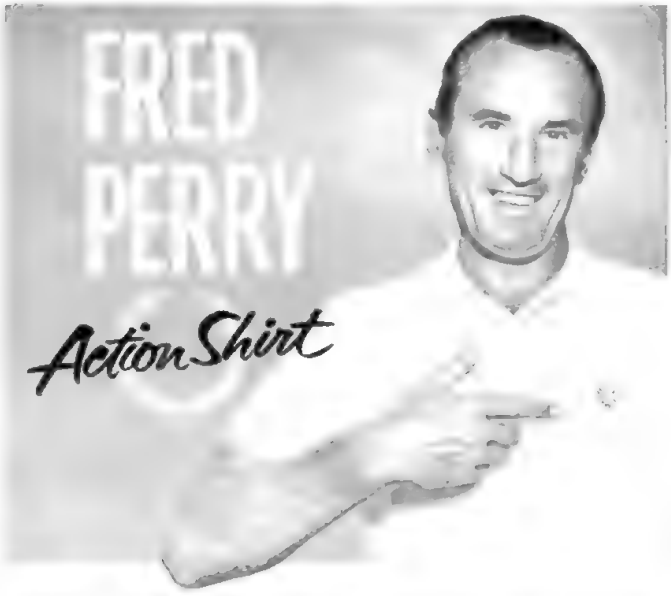


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TEX RICKARD

cont'd

Tom Heeney, the sturdy but untalented heavyweight from Australia, it proved to be a one-sided slaughter and a financial failure for Rickard. He had already lost money on another fight earlier in the year between World Lightweight Champion Sammy Mandell and Jimmy McLarnin, and rumors grew that his golden touch was gone.

Perhaps it was; but the golden decade was over, too. Depression had ended the free-spending days, and an economy wave hit the Garden. Unable to agree with his associates who insisted on cutting costs, Rickard resigned and went to Florida. His old excitement flared once more, briefly, in Miami's lush climate—he spoke of grandiose plans for an American Monte Carlo there, complete with a dog track, a horse racing track, a hotel and a sports arena. Then, New Year's Eve 1928, three days before his 58th birthday, he was stricken with a gangrenous inflammation of the appendix a doctor had warned him about 27 years before in Nome. A week later Jack Dempsey visited Rickard in the hospital. Rickard was dying, but nobody had told Dempsey.

"The doctors and the nurses all came out of the room," Dempsey told Frank Graham. "I went in. Tex was lying there unconscious. I sat down by the bed and took his hand. I sat there holding his hand, and he died."

His estate, by his own reckoning some months before, was expected to be something like $2,500,000. But a story in *The New York Times* revealed exactly what the great promoter left behind of the many fortunes he had made and lost and made again: $454,223 gross. When his debts, amounting to $206,701, and administration and funeral expenses of $80,860 were deducted, there remained a net total of $166,662.

To Rickard, what was left to be divided among his family would have seemed a trifling sum back in the old, big days. Quite possibly, he never did know just what he left behind in worldly goods. What he would almost certainly have valued more were the words written after his funeral by W. O. McGeehan:

"For an out-and-out gambler, he probably was the greatest success of the age. There probably will never be one like him, for luck gave him the cards and Rickard knew how to play them." (END)

19th HOLE — THE READERS TAKE OVER

RICKARD: THE REAL STORY

Sirs:

Congratulations on *The Tex Rickard Story* SI, April 22, *et seq.* To me it is a nostalgic story, and that picture of Tex on the title page looks almost alive. I shall always remember "Ol' Tedge" as a wonderful friend and pardner. His tragic death in Miami just when we were "staging the great comebacks" could no have afflicted me more if he had been a brother. So I am glad a real story of the real Tex Rickard has at last been published.

JACK DEMPSEY

New York

THE ADMIRAL LAUGHS LAST (CONT.)

Sirs:

Hey! We gotta be careful what we print in your magazine. In the February 4 issue we had a little item *Play by the Rule? Nuts!* about base runners busting up double plays by holding the ball themselves. Now look what happens up in Milwaukee the infielders can't even get anywhere near a ground ball when somebody is on base.

It could have come to the point where a guy singles and the bat boy runs over to first base to get his hard hat and give him his regular cap, he also hands him a fielder's mitt!

D. V. GALLERY
Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy

New York

● See page 31 for further comment on fielding base runners.—ED.

MURRAY'S LAW (CONT.)

Sirs:

Cheers for James Murray! His article *Fame Is for Winners* Baseball Issue, April 15 expresses a philosophy I have subscribed to for many years but have been unable to successfully articulate to my fellow hot stove leaguers. May I add a postscript to his remarks by naming an all-star 15-man team, selected on the basis of having only one game to play, winner take all

OUTFIELD: Al Simmons, LF; Joe DiMaggio, CF; Babe Ruth, RF; Tommy Henrich, Reserve.
INFIELD: Lou Gehrig, 1B; Frankie Frisch, 2B; Lou Boudreau, SS; Jackie Robinson, 3B; Joe Cronin, Reserve.
CATCHERS: Mickey Cochrane, Bill Dickey.
PITCHERS: Dizzy Dean, Allie Reynolds, Carl Hubbell, Satchel Paige.

LEON MICHEL

New York

LAMENT FOR LAS VEGAS

Sirs:

I eagerly await your report on the Las Vegas golf spectacular. Do you think the possibility of a Shoeless Joe Jackson emerging from PGA ranks at all improbable?

Our Los Angeles sportswriters are quite optimistic about the whole thing. They think Wilbur Clark is the greatest guy ever. Gosh, the food and the drinks, all on the house, too, and then what a lot of fun everyone had at the Calcutta bidding, where Uncle Miltie simply brought the house down, and you should have heard Joe E., what a scream he was.

Of course, the sportswriters aren't always so jolly about sporting affairs. Like when Ted Williams recently came to town and got off the plane at Burbank when the reporters were standing by at the International Airport, on the other side of the smog, waiting with poised pencils to ask him all sorts of important questions, like what kind of toothpaste do you use, and things like that, they really gave it to Ted, but good, and criticized his war record, and claimed he had no right to object to being used for publicity purposes by the upper Marine brass.

We can always depend on honest, accurate reporting from our sportswriters during the football season, and it's always interesting then to note their honest wrath when Sid Gilman doesn't follow their coaching advice, and every Monday they go step by step over the contest of the day before, showing Sid just why he lost the game. On the occasions when the Rams win, the sports boys don't spoil Sid by any mawkish hero worship but show him instead how the game might have been lost by that stupid thing he did in the third quarter. One thing we can always depend on from our sportswriters is their intense loyalty to everything Californian, and their write-ups always show their contempt for the northern colleges, who usually lose to USC and UCLA, branding these smaller schools as "weak sisters," and the like, which only serves these institutions right for presuming to engage in football contests without the benefit of the same form of high-pressure, highly paid recruiting systems that the California schools employ.

Nobody puts anything over on our sportswriters, not even the courts. They completely reversed the judge's decision on the Art Aragon case. I guess they must all have legal backgrounds to be so smart about things like that.

But still and all, I'm not so certain they're right about this Vegas shindig. I feel the free-loading sort of addled their usual keen thought processes, and I can't at all take their word that the tournament is thrown for good charity alone.

W. L. JUDD

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

● See page 27 for news from Las Vegas.—ED.

GOLF: NOTABLE EXCEPTION

Sirs:

Your excellent magazine has always been one of my favorites. However, the article on golf shoes SI, April 22 covered most of the well-known golf shoes with the exception of our Etonic-PGA shoes.

ROBERT A. EATON

Brockton, Mass.

● An oversight. A pioneer in the development of the lightweight golf shoe, Etonic-PGA has made and is making many a golfer light on his feet.—ED.

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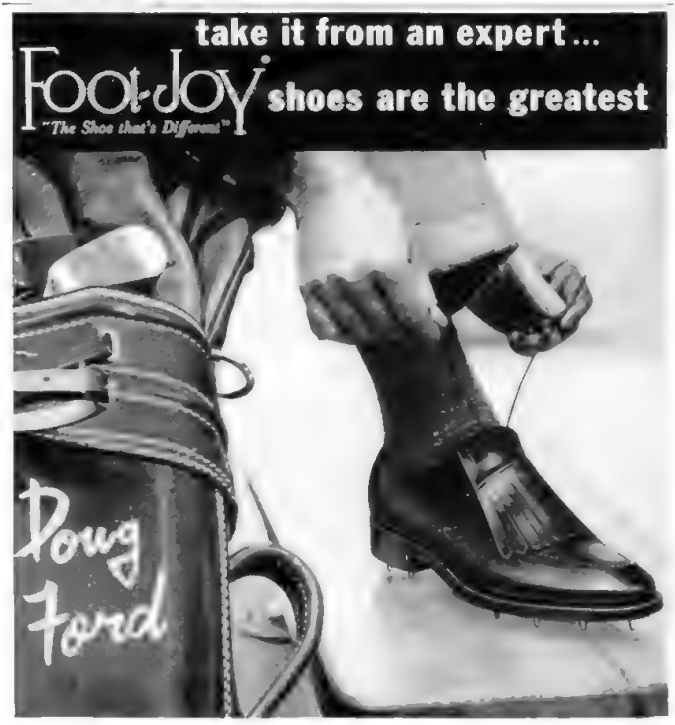
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19th HOLE *continued*

GOLF: MASTERLESS MASTERS

Sirs:

I am much in agreement with your article *Masterless Masters* SI, April 15. I've been playing golf for about 10 years and this year finally decided I'd better get to the Masters Tournament while Hogan, Sarazen and the other not-often-seen notables are still around. Also, to have a look at the elegant Masters Course.

When I arrived in Atlanta Friday evening, I was told Hogan and a good number of other fine golfers were cut out because of the new rule. Yes, I was indeed disappointed after a long trip.

Ah well, the U.S. Open is in Toledo this year less than half as far as Augusta—maybe I'll get to see Hogan and the rest anyway.

JOHN TURNER

Milwaukee

PIRATE GOLD: HO, HO, HO AND 171 FEET

Sirs:

Readers of the article *The Trail of Pirate Gold* SI, Jan. 14 may be interested to know the latest news concerning one of the biggest pirate treasures in the Western Hemisphere. This is the Oak Island cache, which lies buried more than 170 feet down on an island off the Nova Scotia coast.

The treasure has so far defied the best efforts of modern engineering experts, even though it was apparently buried there more than two centuries ago. But this year the most ambitious expedition of all is fitting up to go after it.

The last major attempt, as pointed out in the article, was made by an engineering firm employed by Mr. Gilbert Hedden of New York. The late Sprague and Henwood of Scranton, Pa., is nationally known for its work in mining coal at depths far greater than that of the Oak Island treasure. By the fall of 1941, these engineers had sunk a timbered shaft 171 feet down in solid ground adjacent to the "money pit." A pump in an old hole connected with the operation managed to keep the flow of water out of the money pit. Core drilling had defined the position and the vertical extent of the unexplored loose ground. All that was then needed was the excavation, which would have been a comparatively simple matter once these preparations had been made. But this was in the fall of 1941, and at the most inopportune moment the Canadian government drafted all of the young, able-bodied men on the project. The work had to be abandoned. The machinery was stored, and the shafts were boarded over at the water level.

A great many complications, mainly legal, have hindered the renewal of operations since the end of World War II. But all of the details seem finally to have been settled. Mr. J. Whitney Lewis, a veteran mining engineer, is currently gathering volunteers and backing for an all-out attempt to recover the treasure.

A. B. C. WHIPPLE

New York

• Anyone interested in joining this venture can get details from Mr. Lewis at 322 Central Park West, New York. ED.

THE CHESS SET



THE pensive-looking figure to the left, staring across the years with all of the inscrutability of a sphynx, was carved of bone by an Egyptian craftsman about 1000 B.C. He was probably a chess pawn, and is only one of the collection of chess pieces available at Carlebach Gallery in New York. The man is $150, but Carlebach has complete sets (*see below for some examples*) covering the entire range of chess history and a price range from $20 to $4,000. Other chess sets—and no game ever inspired such diversity of design in its playing pieces—range down to an 85¢ plastic model from the U.S. Chess Federation.

Illustrations by Jack Kunz



MARIE ANTOINETTE and Louis XVI are part of 19th century ivory set ($950, Carlebach Gallery, 937 Third Ave., N.Y.).



CONTEMPORARY SET of walnut and birch has birch-and-walnut board ($54.50, Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.).



JAPANESE KNIGHT, a Kabuki character, is part of modern ivory set ($850, Oriental Art Gallery, 756 Madison Ave., N.Y.).





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DENVER'S RIFLE CHAMPIONS

With ROTC units as much a fact of contemporary college life as the Saturday night date, it is little wonder that a number of institutions have formed ladies' auxiliaries to help with the paperwork and ornament the unit's social occasions. At the University of Denver, however, the women's Sponsor Corps took dead aim at soldiering's more serious business. The girls formed a rifle team which this year again took top national honors in the National Rifle Association's intercollegiate women's championship. The sharpshooters standing are Judie Roberts of Denver, Joy Polhemus of Lamar and Linda Hughes of Pueblo. Kneeling are Shari Hagemeister, Crawford, Neb. and Mary Annette Riddick, Denver.

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